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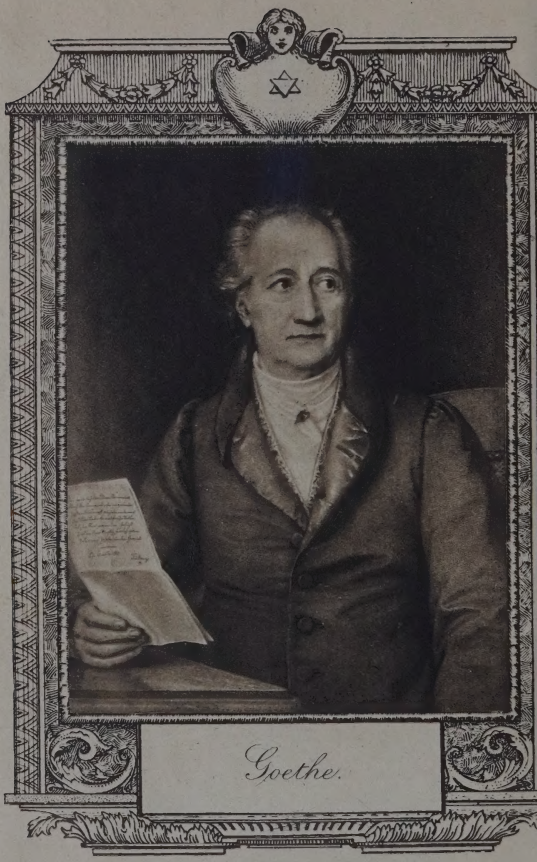

Goethe.

GOETHES FAUST

TRANSLATED BY

ALBERT.G LATHAM

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TO

MY WIFE

THIS TRANSLATION

IS

Dedicated

As into some cathedral's echoing aisles,
Vast and mysterious in the failing light,
Where soaring arches melt into the night,
And massy pillars stretch out shadowy miles,
We enter here, O Master of many styles!
Without, grim gargoyles wing their frozen flight;
Martyrs and saints the storied windows dight,
Triumphant victors o'er the Tempter's wiles;
A crucifix o'er the high altar towers,
Great symbol of unconquerable Love;
Baffled the Evil Spirit limps away;
The air is heavy with Mother Mary's flowers;
Whiter than 'gainst an angry sky the dove,
With streaming eyes, a white soul kneels to pray.

H. L.

CONTENTS

PAGE

Translator's Preface v
Dedication 9
Prelude upon the Stage 11
Prologue in Heaven 19

FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY

Night
In a high-vaulted, narrow Gothic chamber, Faust, restless, on his seat, at the desk 25
Without the City-Gate
Holiday-makers of all classes stream forth from the city 43
Study
Enter Faust, with the poodle 58
Study
The compact between Faust and Mephistopheles, and Mephistopheles' interview with the Student . 71
Auerbach's Cellar in Leipsic 93
Witch's Kitchen 109
Street
Faust, Margaret passing by 123
Evening
A small and cleanly chamber. Margaret plaiting and binding the braids of her hair . . . 127
A Walk 132
The Neighbour's House 135
Garden
Margaret on Faust's arm, and Martha with Mephistopheles, walking up and down . . 146
A Summer-House 154

PAGE

Woodland and Cave 156

Gretchen's Room

Gretchen at the spinning-wheel alone . . 162

Martha's Garden 164

At the Well 170

The Town-Wall

In a niche in the wall, a picture of the Mater Dolorosa, with flower-jugs before it . . . 172

Night

Street before Gretchen's door 174

Minster 181

Walpurgis-Night 183

Walpurgis-Night's Dream 201

A Gloomy Day 208

Night

Open country. Faust, Mephistopheles, storming past on black horses 211

Dungeon 212

APPENDICES

I. The Evolution of the Faust-Legend . 223

II. The Faust-Books 240

III. The Faust-Drama and the Puppet-Play . 250

IV. The Growth of Goethe's Faust . . . 254

Notes 260

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

All men would doubtless be agreed upon the ideal towards which the translator should strive, though to attain it may be impossible.

He who seeks to translate a great poem is as one who should decant some precious liquid from one vessel into another—he will seek not to spill a single drop, he will strive that the untainted stream may carry over with it not a single particle of foreign matter, he will be jealous of the very fragrance that escapes through the air.

Unhappily, the various qualities that go to make this ideal perfection are not easily gathered up into one translation, and in particular is it difficult to reconcile fidelity to the sense of the original with an echo of its music.

The taste of past generations of readers was less exacting in this matter, or the courage of translators was less high. It was taken for granted that even to be only fairly faithful, a translation must be free from the shackles of verse, and the licence allowed to the translator who willingly assumed the fetters was amazing. Thus the translation of *Faust* by Anster, who was first in the field, has enjoyed high repute. There are in Anster's translation some 6,600 lines. Of these some 4,600 are Goethe, the remainder are Anster!

Since then there have appeared numberless

metrical versions, more than one of which is of considerable power. Of those which set before them the task of modelling not alone their sense upon the sense of the original, but also their metre upon its metre, the palm has generally been awarded to that of Bayard Taylor.

With that writer's able defence of such a theory of translation the present translator fully concurs, and accordingly does not propose to "thresh the old, old straw."

The faults which Bayard Taylor condemns in the work of his predecessors are worth noting.

In Brooks' translation he finds "a lack of the lyrical fire and fluency of the original in some passages, and an occasional lowering of the tone through the use of words which are literal but not equivalent."

Of Hayward's prose version he says: "Mr. Hayward not only occasionally mistakes the exact meaning of the German text, but wherever two phrases may be used to express the meaning with equal fidelity, he very frequently selects that which has the less grace, strength or beauty."

Possibly every translator would find the same joints in his rivals' armour; they are, perhaps, inherent in its construction; at any rate it had seemed to the present translator, even before reading the criticisms quoted, that Bayard Taylor's own most painstaking and conscientious version was itself anything but free from these and kindred faults.

The present translation, however, was at first undertaken in no spirit of rivalry with any of its predecessors. The translator would indeed have

shrunk from entering the lists with champions of such approved worth. It began with the translation of some favourite passages as a pastime for leisure hours. A not unnatural curiosity prompted the comparison of these when done with other versions, and their author persuaded himself, he trusts not too easily, that they did not suffer in the comparison. And so he found himself launched upon the perilous slope.

The publication of a new translation is in itself an implicit claim that the translation brings something that was lacking in its predecessors. That is its only justification. The translator trusts then that he will not be held to have sinned too grievously against the modesty befitting a young writer, if he explicitly avows his hope that his version may indeed be found to give, on the whole, a truer and livelier picture of Goethe's great poem in all its aspects than any of those that have gone before it.

Of its general nearness to the rhythm of the original, of its fidelity—frequently an all but literal fidelity to the thoughts of the original, even its indulgent begetter may be allowed to judge; but there are other more subtle qualities he would fain think it possesses, which only the seal of a wider and less partial tribunal can assure to it.

Before this wider court he now lays it, confident of a fair hearing, and happy indeed if the verdict be that he has in truth attained were it but one degree nearer to that inaccessible Pole, which is the goal of all our efforts.

Durham College of Science, Newcastle-upon-Tyne
October, 1902.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE TO THE THIRD EDITION

The translator has availed himself of the opportunity furnished by this, the third edition, to correct such errors as had been noted, and to make a few slight changes in the text.

ARMSTRONG COLLEGE
(IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM),
NEWCASTLE UPON-TYNE.

August, 1907.

DEDICATION

Ye wavering phantoms, yet again my leisure
Ye haunt, as erst ye met my troubled gaze.
Still doth mine heart the old illusion treasure?
Now shall I fix the dream that round me plays?
Ye throng upon me! Nay then, have your pleasure,
Ye that around me rise from mist and haze!
My bosom by the magic breath is shaken,
That breathing round your train, old dreams doth waken.

Dreams of glad days ye bring; and well-loved faces,
Dim shades of well-loved faces greet mine eyes.
Like an old tale that dies adown Time's spaces,
First Friendship and first Love with ye arise.
The old wounds smart, and grief again retraces
Life's labyrinthine course, and names with sighs
The trusty hearts, reft of their sunny season,
Rapt ere myself away by Fortune's treason.

Ah! of my songs they may not hear the latter,
Those souls for whom mine earlier songs were sung;
Scattered the friendly throng as mist-wreaths scatter!
Mute the first echo as a harp unstrung!

I sing to strangers, and when they would flatter,
E'en by their very cheers mine heart is wrung;
And if there live whom once my song delighted,
In the wide world they wander disunited.

There seizes me a long unwonted yearning
For yonder silent, solemn spirit-realm;
My faltering, fitful song is tuned to mourning,
A harp Æolian in a windy elm;
A shudder seizes me, the tears throng burning,
And soft, sad thoughts my steadfast heart o'erwhelm;
All that I have, now far away seems banished,
All real grown, that long ago had vanished.

The presence of a gallant lad, I fancy,
Is something too, when all is said and done!
Him who sets forth his thoughts in genial wise
The popular caprice will not embitter.
To sway the passions when he tries,
The bigger be the crowd, the fitter.
Take heart of grace, some masterpiece invent;
Let Fancy lead her witching train before us,—
Reason and Passion, Sense and Sentiment;
But mark me, let not Folly fail i' the chorus.

MANAGER.

Let plenty happen—do what else you will!
They come to see, then let them gaze their fill.
Before their eyes reel off a well-filled plot,
So that the crowd may gape in wide-mouthed wonder.
Thus greater breadth of interest you've got:
The house, well-pleased, its praise will thunder.
By mass alone the masses can you move.
Each man will pick his own from out your miscellany.
He who brings much, something will bring for many.
So all the house your efforts will approve.
Serve up your piece in pieces, for indeed a
Success is sure, with such an *olla podrida*.
'Tis easily dished up, as easily thought out;
And should you serve a whole, you'd fare no better I doubt.
The public still would tear it you to tatters.

POET.

A sorry handicraft, upon my soul!
How little that the genuine artist flatters!

The botchwork of that guild most worshipful
Is now, I see, your oracle in these matters.

MANAGER.

In such reproach for me no sting doth lurk.
The man who means to do good work,
Must choose the tool he deems the fittest.
Bethink thee now! 'tis but soft wood thou splittest.
Think whom ye write for, in a word!
One man will come because he's bored;
One from a sumptuous table, filled with vapours;
And, what is most to be deplored,
Full many a one from reading daily papers.
Distraught to us they come, as they go masquerading.
Each step but curiosity doth wing.
The ladies play their part, and in the pageant aiding,
Their charms and toilettes gratis bring.
Why dream ye idly on your heights poetic?
What makes a crowded theatre laugh?
Scan closely each you have for critic;
Half they are careless, brutal half.
After the play, this man will play at cards;
This on a wench's breast will spend the night in riot.
With such an aim, poor foolish bards,
The gracious Muses why disquiet?
I tell you, give them more, and more, and ever more,
And then the goal you surely cannot fail of.
Set their brains whirling, that's what *they* love!
To satisfy them's past your power.
What ails you? Rapture is it or vexation?

POET.

Away! and seek thyself another slave!
What! the sublimest right that Nature gave,
His birthright, shall the Poet for thy sake
Trifle away in such an impious fashion?
Wherewith all hearts doth he impassion?
Wherewith each element submissive make?
'Tis with the harmony his bosom doth conceive,
That in his heart knits up the ravelled sleave
Of this frayed world! When Nature on her spindle,
Impassive ever, twists her endless thread,
When all things clash discordant, and but kindle
Displeasure in the jarring notes they spread—
Who with the dull, monotonous flow doth mingle
Life, and doth mark it off with rhythmic swing?
Who to the Whole doth consecrate the Single,
Blended in one sweet harmony to ring?
Who bids the storm rage like a human bosom?
In tranquil hearts the evening splendour glow?
Who scatters every fairest spring-tide blossom
O'er the Belovéd's path, like snow?
Who twines from leaves as common as the clods
A glorious crown, each noble deed to gild?
Who stablishes Olympus, peoples it with Gods?
Man's Might it is, and in the Bard revealed!

MERRY ANDREW.

Then use these noble powers that sway you,
And ply your poet's trade, I pray you,
As one a love-adventure may
You meet by chance, you're drawn to her, you stay;

Little by little, you're entangled ;
Your bliss still grows, then it is well-nigh strangled.
First rapture—then comes pain, and evil chance,
And ere you're 'ware of it, 'tis grown to a romance.
So let us give a play, friend Poet!
Take a good handful out of human life.
Though all men live it, few there be that know it.
Grasp where you will, with interest 'tis rife.
Your pictures vague—but crowd your mirror ;
A spark of truth—a sea of error.
Thus is the best drink brewed, whereby
All men you will refresh and edify.
Then round your play will flock the fairest blossom
Of youth, to listen to your revelation.
And from your work will every feeling bosom
Suck nurture for its melancholy passion.
Now to your touch this string, now that one stirs,
And each man sees what in his heart he bears.
Youth is still lightly moved to weeping and to laughter,
Still honours soaring thought, and still delights in dreams.
When once matured, you can't content 'em after,—
A heart in growth with gratitude still teems.

POET.

Then give me back the days departed
When I myself was still in growth ;
When from the fount the songs still started,
Unsought-for and unfailing both.
When still the world in mists was shrouded,

The buds still promised miracles;
When for my plucking all the dells
With thousand blossoms still were crowded.
Naught had I, yet enough I had,
Thirsting for Truth, and in Illusion glad.
Give me those passions all unfett'réd,
Bliss that is close akin to pain,
The might of Love, the strength of Hatred;
Ah! give me back my youth again!

MERRY ANDREW.

Youth, my good friend, I own is highly requisite,
When in the fray the foe hard presses;
When round thy neck with all their might
Fair maidens hang with fond caresses;
When far the runner's crown doth glance,
And from the hard-won goal doth beckon;
When, hushed the breathless, giddy dance,
The hours till dawn the goblets reckon.
But yours to sweep the well-known strings,
With grace and fire by age unfrozen;
To roam, with winsome wanderings,
Towards a goal yourselves have chosen.
That, aged Sirs, is yours, nor less
These childish ways we honour, e'en the elder in;
Old age not childish makes, whate'er one says;
It only finds us still as very children.

MANAGER.

Come, come, of words enough we've bandied;
'Tis time that deeds were now begun.
At compliments you're both neat-handed,
But meanwhile, something might be done.

What boots long talk of inspiration?
Your faint-heart never is in vein.
Seek you a poet's reputation?
O'er Poetry assert your reign!
You know our needs, why longer stickle?
Strong drinks alone our palates tickle—
Brew us strong drinks without delay.
To-morrow will not do what is not done to-day.
A day let slip is never overtaken.
The Possible let your resolve
Grasp by the forelock, all unshaken.
Be sure its grip will never slacken;
Caught in the whirl it must revolve.
Upon our German stage, you know,
Each may try what he will, and so
Stint not to-day in scenery,
And stint not in machinery!
Bring down the sun and moon from Heaven's abysses!
Lavish the stars from all the Zodiac!
Of water, fire, precipices,
Of beasts and birds, there is no lack.
Within our boarded house's narrow bound
Mete out Creation's spacious round,
And quickly move, yet thoughtfully as well,
From Heaven, through the Earth, to Hell.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD, THE HEAVENLY HOSTS, *later* MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*The three Archangels come forward.*

RAPHAEL.

THE sun, with many a sister-sphere,
Still sings the rival psalm of wonder,
And still his fore-ordained career
Accomplishes, with tread of thunder.
The sight sustains the angels' prime,
Though none may spell the mystic story;
Thy Works, unspeakably sublime,
Live on, in all their primal glory.

GABRIEL.

And swift, unutterably swift,
Earth rolls around her pageant splendid;
Day, such as erst was Eden's gift,
By deep, dread Night in turn attended.
And all the towering cliffs among,
In spreading streams upfoams the Ocean,
And cliff and sea are whirled along,
With circling orbs, in ceaseless motion.

MICHAEL.

And storms tumultuous brawl amain,
Now seaward and now shoreward blowing,

Round the great world a mighty chain
Of deepest force in frenzy throwing.
And lo! a flashing desolation
Heralds the thunder on its way!
Yet we, O Lord, in adoration
Mark the sweet progress of Thy Day.

ALL THREE.

The sight sustains the angels' prime,
Since none may spell the mystic story.
Thy Works, unspeakably sublime,
Live on, in all their primal glory.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sith Thou, O Lord, dost once again draw near,
And ask what news with us, if news be any,
And Thou wert wont to make me welcome here,
Me also dost Thou see amongst the meiny.
Pardon! to words sublime I cannot soar,
Though all Thy court in mockery were scoffing.
My sentiment would move Thy laughter, sure,
Hadst Thou not long unlearned the art of laughing.
No song of sun and worlds can I invent;
I only see how men themselves torment.
The little god o' the world, in type unaltered wholly,
Lives on, good lack! in all his primal folly.
He'd live a little better even,
Gav'st Thou him not a glimmer of the light of Heaven.
He calls it Reason, uses it but
More bestial to be than any brute.

He seems to me, saving your Grace's presence,
A long-legged grasshopper in very essence,
That ever flies, and flying springs,
Then straightway in the grass her ancient ditty sings.
And did he but lie i' the grass! but then he doesn't;
He sees no filth, but he must poke his nose in't.

THE LORD.

Is that the sum of thy narration?
Hast never aught but accusation?
Still upon Earth is nothing to thy mind?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! all things on Earth still downright bad I find.
Mortals their piteous fate upon the rack so stretches,
Myself have scarce the heart to plague the wretches.

THE LORD.

Dost thou know Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor?

THE LORD.

Aye, My servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marry, and oddly of your will observant!
Nay, the fool's meat and drink not earthly are.
Him doth his ferment drive afar.

Half he is conscious of his madness.
On Heaven he calls for every fairest star,
He calls on Earth for every highest gladness;
Nor Heaven nor Earth, nor Near nor Far
Can win his deep-stirred bosom from its sadness.

THE LORD.

Though now his service be as a tangled skein,
Yet will I lead him soon to perfect vision.
The gardener knows, when the young tree is green,
'Twill glad the years with blossom and fruition.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you wager? Give me but permission
To lead him gently on my way,
I'll win him from you to perdition.

THE LORD.

Whilst still he sees the earthly day,
So long it shall not be forbidden.
Whilst still man strives, still must he stray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For that much thanks, for with a dead 'un
To busy me was ne'er my hobby.
Most do I love a cheek that's rosy-red and chubby.
For a dull corpse I'm not at home.
I'm like the cat wi' the mouse—I like 'em frolicsome.

THE LORD.

Enough! his life into thy hand be given!
From its well-head draw thou this soul astray,

And canst thou grasp him, lead him even
Down with thee on the downward way,
And stand abashed, when thou must needs confess
That a good man, by his dim impulse driven,
Of the right way hath ever consciousness.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, time will show who is the sager.
I'm not in the least concerned about my wager.
When I attain the goal I've chosen,
Grudge not if then I crow with swelling breast.
Dust shall he eat, and with a zest,
Like to the well-known snake, my cousin.

THE LORD.

Aye, show thy face, succeeds thy trial,
Freely. Thy likes Mine hatred ne'er have won.
Of all the Spirits of Denial,
Irks Me the least the mischievous buffoon.
Man's efforts lightly flag, and seek too low a level.
Soon doth he pine for all-untrammelled sloth.
Wherefore a mate I give him, nothing loth,
Who spurs, and shapes and must create though Devil.
But ye, God's sons in love and duty,
Rejoice ye in the living wealth of beauty.
Eternal Growth, that works and faileth not,
Within Love's golden bars ever enfold you.
In wavering apparition what doth float,
Bodied in thought unperishing uphold you.

[*The Heavens close. The Archangels separate.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *alone.*

I like to see the Ancient now and then,
And shun a breach, for truly 'tis most civil
In such a mighty personage, to deign
To chat so affably, e'en with the very Devil.

GOETHE'S FAUST

First Part of the Tragedy

NIGHT.

In a high-vaulted, narrow Gothic chamber, FAUST, *restless, on his seat, at the desk.*

I HAVE studied, alas! Philosophy,
And Jurisprudence, and Medicine too,
And saddest of all, Theology,
With ardent labour, through and through!
And here I stick, as wise, poor fool,
As when my steps first turned to school.
Master they style me, nay, Doctor, forsooth,
And nighteen years, o'er rough and smooth,
And up and down, and acrook and across,
I lead my pupils by the nose,
And know that in truth we can know—naught!
My heart is turned to coal at the thought.
I am wiser, true, than your coxcomb-tribe,
Your Doctor and Master, your Parson and Scribe;
To no idol of scruple or doubt do I grovel,
I know no fear of Hell or of Devil.
But joy is a stranger to my seclusion.
I hug to my heart no fond illusion,
As that I know aught worth the knowing,
Or men could better, my wisdom showing.

And then, I own nor wealth nor land,
Nor honour nor glory can command;
A dog would scorn such a life to lead!
So I've turned me to magic in my need,
If haply spirit-power and speech
May many a hidden mystery teach,
That I with bitter labour so
No more need say what I do not know;
That I the mighty inmost tether
May know, that binds the world together;
All germs, all forces that lifewards struggle,
And with vain words no longer juggle.

Would thou, full-orbéd Moon, didst shine
Thy last upon this pain of mine,
Thou whom, from this my desk, so oft
I watched at midnight climb aloft!
O'er books and papers thou didst send
Thy radiance, melancholy friend.
Ah, could I, on some mountain-height,
Glide onward, steeped in thy dear light,
Round mountain-caves with spirits hover,
Or float the moonlit meadows over,
From fumes of learning purge my soul,
Bathe in thy dew, and so be whole!

Woe! still within this dungeon's thrall?
Accurséd, stifling hole i' the wall!
Where Heaven's own blessed radiance strains
But dimly, through the painted panes!
Whose room is cramped with tome on tome,
Fretted with worms, with dust o'erlaid,
And up to the ceiling's vaulted dome,
With smoke-stained paper all arrayed;
Glasses and gallipots crowd the rack,

Vain instruments the room encumber,
Crammed in with old, ancestral lumber ;
That is thy world ! a world, good lack !

.

And canst thou ask, why in thy breast
Thy choking heart is ill at ease,
Why, with a nameless pain opprest,
Thy pulse of life doth fail and freeze ?
God fashioned man that he should root
In living Nature ;—thine the fault !
Thou dwellest in a charnel-vault,
'Midst mouldering bones of man and brute !

Flee ! out into the boundless land !
This book of mystic Gramarye,
The work of Nostradamus' hand,
An all-sufficing guide will be.
Thou'lt see what course the stars do hold ;
And, if but Nature teach thee, soon
Thy soul the mystery will unfold
How spirits each with each commune.
Dry meditation here in vain
The holy symbols would explain.
Yourselves, ye Spirits, hover near ;
Answer me now, if any hear !

[*He opens the book, and his eye lights upon the sign of the Macrocosm.*

Ha ! what a heavenly rapture at this sight,
In sudden flood, with all my senses mingles !
Through nerve and vein, young holy life's delight
With a new-glowing ardour thrills and tingles !
Was it a God, these symbols that did write,
Which soothe to sleep mine inner madness,
Which fill my yearning heart with gladness,

And with a strange, mysterious might
Withdraw from Nature's powers the veil, to cheer my sadness?
Am I a God? such light on me hath broken!
I see in this pure charactery
Creative Nature, limned in vivid imagery.
Now, now I know, what 'tis the sage hath spoken:
"The spirit-world shuts not its portal;
"Thine heart is dead, thy senses sleep;
"Up! in the crimson dayspring, mortal,
"All undismayed, thy bosom steep!"
[*He considers the sign.*
Into the Whole how all things weave,
One in another work and live!
What heavenly forces up and down are ranging,
The golden buckets interchanging,
With wafted benison winging,
From Heaven through the Earth are springing,
All through the All harmonious ringing!

A glorious pageant! yet a pageant merely!
Thou boundless Nature, where shall I grasp thee clearly?
Where you, ye breasts, founts of all life that fail not,
At which both Heaven and Earth are nursed?
For ye the withered breast doth thirst—
Ye well, ye slake, I faint, yet ye avail not!
[*He opens the book petulantly at another place, and his eye lights upon the symbol of the Earth-spirit.*
How otherwise upon me works this sign!
Thou, Spirit of Earth, to me art nigher;
My powers I feel already higher,

I glow, as if with new-made wine.
Full-steeled to tread the world I feel my mettle,
Earth's woe, Earth's bliss, my soul can not unsettle,
I would not blench with storms to battle,
Nor quail amidst the shipwreck's crash and rattle!—
Clouds gather overhead—
The moon withdraws her light—
The lamp is dying!
Vapours arise!—Red lightnings quiver
About my head!—A shudder
Down-wafted from the vaulted gloom
Lays hold on me!
Spirit conjured, that hovering near me art,
Unveil thyself!
Ah! what a spasm racks my heart!
To novel emotions
My senses are stirred with storm like the ocean's!
I feel thee draw my heart, with might unmeasured!
Thou must! thou must! though life stand on the hazard!

[*He takes up the book, and pronounces in mysterious wise the symbol of the Spirit. A ruddy flame flashes. The Spirit appears in the flame.*

SPIRIT.

Who calls to me?

FAUST, *turning away.*

Appalling Apparition!

SPIRIT.

Thou'st drawn me here, with might and main,
Long at my sphere hast sucked in vain,
And now—

FAUST.

Woe's me! I may not bear the vision!

SPIRIT.

Panting thou pleadest for my presence,
To look upon my face, my voice to hear;
Thy soul's puissant pleading compels me, I appear!—
What mortal dread, thou man of more than mortal essence,
Gets hold on thee? Where now the outcry of thy soul?
The breast, that in itself a world did fashion whole,
And hugged, and cherished? That, with rapture all a-tingle,
Puffed itself up with us that spirits are to mingle?
Where art thou, Faust, whose clamour filled mine ear,
Thou, that didst press amain into my sphere?
Say, is it thou, that by my breath surrounded,
In all Life's utmost deeps confounded,
Dost shrink away, a timorous, writhing worm?

FAUST.

Creature of Flame, thou shalt not daunt me!
'Tis I, 'tis Faust, thy peer I vaunt me!

SPIRIT.

In floods of being, in action's storm,
Up and down I wave,
To and fro I flee,
Birth and the grave,
An infinite sea,
A changeful weaving,
An ardent living;
The ringing loom of Time is my care,
And I weave God's living garment there,

FAUST.

Thou busy Spirit, that rangest unconfined
Round the wide world, how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT.

Thou'rt like the Spirit thou graspest with thy mind,
Thou'rt not like me!

[*Vanishes.*

FAUST, *in spiritless collapse.*

Not thee?
Whom then?
I, made in God's own image!
Not even like thee!

[*A knock without.*

O Death! I know it; 'tis my Famulus.
Thus doth my fairest fortune vanish!
That this dull groveller should banish
The fulness of my visions thus!

[*Enter Wagner, in dressing-gown and night-cap, lamp in hand. Faust turns round ill-humouredly.*

WAGNER.

Pardon—I heard your voice declaiming;
Doubtless some old Greek tragedy you read?
I too at progress in this art am aiming,
For now-a-days, it stands you in good stead.
Oft have I heard it vaunted that a preacher
Might profit, with an actor to his teacher.

FAUST.

Aye, marry, if your preacher be an actor,
As that from time to time well happen may.

WAGNER.

Alas! cooped in one's study, like a malefactor,
Seeing the world scarce on a holiday,
Scarce through a telescope, by rare occasion,
How shall one hope to lead it by persuasion?

FAUST.

Yourself must feel it first, your end to capture.
Unless from out the soul it well,
And with a fresh, resistless rapture
Your hearers' very hearts compel,—
You only sit and gum together,
Hash up the orts from others' feast,
Blow puny flames with lungs of leather,
From ashes whence the life has ceased!
Children and apes will gape in admiration,
If for such praise your palates thirst;
But heart to heart ye will not sway and fashion,
Save in your heart ye feel it first.

WAGNER.

Yet elocution makes the orator;
I'm far behind, I feel it more and more.

FAUST.

Seek thou an honest retribution!
Be thou no motley, jingling fool!
It needs but little elocution
To speak good sense by reason's rule.
If ye've a message to deliver,
Need ye for words be hunting ever?
Aye, all your tinsel speeches, where ye curl
But paper-shreds for Man, no more can quicken,
Than can the misty winds, that rustling whirl
The leaves that Autumn from the trees hath stricken!

WAGNER.

Ah God! but art is long,
And short our life, and ever,
Discouraging my critical endeavour,
Depressing thoughts through head and bosom throng.
How hard it is, the obstacles to level,
To gain the means which lead you to the source!
And haply, ere you've run but half the course,
Comes Death, and snaps you up, poor devil.

FAUST.

Parchment! is that the holy spring that quickens,
A draught from which for ever stills the thirst?
All unrefreshed the soul still sickens,
Till from the soul itself the fountain burst.

WAGNER.

Pardon! the joy may well be courted,
Into the spirit of the times transported,

To see what thoughts of old the wise have entertained,
And then, how we at last such glorious heights have gained.

FAUST.

Oh aye, up to the stars we've clomb!
My friend, the times gone by are but in sum
A book with seven seals protected.
What Spirit of the Times you call,
Good Sirs, is but your spirit after all,
In which the times are seen reflected.
And verily, 'tis oft a sorry sight!
At the first glimpse of it one runs away.
A dust-bin and a lumber-room outright!
At best, 'tis history in a puppet-play,
With excellent pragmatic maxims garnished,
Wherewith a puppet's mouth is fitly furnished!

WAGNER.

But then, the world, the heart and mind of men!
We all would fain know something of them, surely.

FAUST.

Aye marry, what *ye* call know, but then
Who to the child can fit the name securely?
The few who aught thereof have known or learned,
Who their hearts' fulness foolishly unsealéd,
And to the vulgar herd their thoughts and dreams revealéd,
Men in all times have crucified and burned.
I prithee, friend, 'tis far into the night,
We'll break off for this present season.

WAGNER.

I would have watched for ever with delight,
In such a learnéd wise with you to reason.
Grant me to-morrow, being Easter-Sunday,
On this and that to question you this one day.
I've been a student diligent and zealous;
True I know much, but all to know I'm jealous.
[*Exit.*

FAUST, *alone.*

How is the head by hope not all forsaken,
That ever cleaves to stalest stuff, and when
With greedy hand he digs for treasures, then
Is overjoyed, if earth-worms he hath taken!

Should such a mortal's voice mine ear beset,
Where spirits environed me, in throng bewildering?
Yet ah! this time I owe a debt
To thee, the meanest-souled of all earth's children.
Me from my deep despairing didst thou wrest,
That instantly did threat to drive me frantic.
The apparition, ah! was so gigantic,
That I stood forth, a very dwarf confessed.

I, God's own image, that did fondly deem
Myself the mirror near of truth eternal,
Revelled in light and radiance supernal,
Mortal no longer in mine own esteem;
I, higher than the angels, whose free might
Through Nature's veins presumed in glad pulsation
To flow, and revel God-like in creation,
How bitter now must be my expiation!
A word of thunder dashed me from my height.

'Tis overbold myself with thee to measure!
Though I had might to draw thee at my pleasure,
To bid thee tarry had I not the might.
Yet in that moment soul-contenting
I felt myself so small, so great;
But thou didst spurn me, unrelenting,
Back into man's uncertain fate.
What shall I shun? and who will teach me clearly?
Shall I yon yearning dream obey?
Our very deeds, alas! and not our sufferings merely,
Shackle our steps along life's way.

Ever the mind's most glorious ideal
Strange and yet stranger matter doth o'ergrow;
When this world's Good is won, we count it real,
And count the Better but a mocking show.
The glorious fantasies, that erst our soul did quicken,
Soon in this earthly welter swoon and sicken.
Once her bold flight would Fancy fain increase,
All hopeful, to the Infinite around her;
A narrow space suffices, when she sees
Venture on venture in Time's whirlpool founder.

Deep in the heart nests Care, a guest unbidden.
There doth she work her sorrows hidden.
Restless she rocks herself, disturbing joy and peace.
Ever with some new mask she hides her face,
Herself as wife and child, as house and homestead veiling,

As fire, water, poison, steel;
Each blow that falls not dost thou feel,
And what thou ne'er shalt lose, that ever art bewailing.

Not like the gods am I! Into the quick 'tis thrust!
I'm like the worm, that wriggles through the dust,
Which, as in dust it lives and dust consumes,
The passing foot annihilates and entombs.

Is it not dust, that cramps before mine eyes
This lofty wall, from its untold recesses,
The trumpery, that with trash in myriad guise
Me in this mothy world oppresses?
Here shall I find what fails, where with one fact,
A thousand books the searching mind importune—
That mortals everywhere alike are racked,
That here and there, one hath had fairer fortune?
What doth thy grin import, thou hollow skull,
Save that thy brain, like mine, perplexed and harassed,
Sought the clear day, yet strayed in twilight dull,
Yearning for Truth, in Error's maze embarrassed?
In sooth, ye instruments make me your mock!
Your wheels and cogs, rollers and gimmals boot not.
Ye should have been the keys, the portal to unlock;
Your wards are daedal, truly, yet the bolts ye shoot not.

Mysterious in the open day,
Nature lets no man of her veil bereave her.
What to thy mind herself will not betray,
Thou canst not from her wrest with screw and lever.
Ye ancient gear, whose aid I ne'er invoked,
Because my father used you, here ye moulder.
Thou too, old pulley, growest strangely smoked,
So long upon this desk the lamp doth dimly smoulder.
Far better had I spent my little without heed,
Than here to moil, where still that little doth but cumber!
What from thy sires thou hast, make thine indeed,
Ere that amongst thy goods thou number!
We use alone the tool framed by the moment's need;
The rest, all that we use not, is but lumber.

But why doth yonder spot rivet my roving glances?
Is then yon flask a magnet for the eyes?
What cheerful light breaks on my gloomy fancies,
As in the midnight woods when moonlight floods the skies?

Now hail, thrice hail, incomparable phial!
With reverent hand I bid thee to the trial.
In thee I honour human wit and skill.
Compendium of kindly, slumberous juices,
Essence compact of deadly, delicate uses,
Show now a favour at thy master's will!
I see thee, all the pain sinks into slumber;

I grasp thee, all the strife ceases to cumber ;
The spirit's flood ebbs with slow pulse away.
It draws me to the Deep, resistless streaming,
Full at my feet the glassy sea lies gleaming,
On to new shores, woos me the newer day.

A flaming car floats down on wafting pinions
Hither to me. Ready to cleave am I
On pathways new, the ethereal dominions,
Borne to new spheres of pure activity.
That life divine, that bliss of God-like being,
Dar'st thou, but now a worm, make it thy goal?
Aye, thou hast but to turn thy face from seeing
The Earth's sweet sun, with dauntless soul!
Be bold to wrench the brazen gates asunder,
Past which no mortal but is fain to slink!
'Tis time by deeds to show that e'en not under
The majesty of Gods, Man's dignity need shrink.
To face yon gloomy cavern never tremble,
Where Fancy dooms herself but self-bred torments to,
And though all Hell its flames assemble
About the narrow mouth, press boldly through ;
Blench not, but blithely let the step be taken,
Were it with jeopardy, ne'er from the Naught to waken!—

Now come thou down, thou goblet crystal-shining!
Come from thine antique case, where long reclining,
A precious heirloom, thou hast slept ignored!
Oft hast thou graced the banquet with thy splendour,

Thou the staid guests didst blithesome render,
As each to other pledged thee, round the board.
The quaint devices graven on thy walls,
The drinker's task, their sense in rhyme to blazon,
Or at a draught to drain thine ample bason,
Full many a night of jocund youth recalls.
Now I shall pass thee not to any neighbour,
My wit upon thine art to prove I shall not labour,
This juice doth drunken make, with brief delay.
It fills thine hollow with its brown effusion;
This I prepared, this have I chosen,
And this last draught I drink, with dauntless resolution,
A solemn, festal greeting to the new-springing day!

[*He sets the goblet to his lips. Chime of bells and choral-song.*

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Hail the meek-spirited,
Whom the ill-merited
Mortal, inherited
Failings did prison.

FAUST.

What clamorous boom, what silvery tone, compels
The glass to quit my lips, with might astounding?
Is it your herald-voice, ye deep-mouthed bells,
Easter's first festal hour already sounding?

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,
Out of the mouldering earth!
Burst from your prison
Joyfully forth!
Live for the fame of Him,
Love by the shame of Him,
Give in the name of Him,
Publish what came of Him,
Pardon proclaim of Him,
Then is your Master near,
Then is He here!

WITHOUT THE CITY-GATE.

[*Holiday-makers of all classes stream forth from the city.*

PRENTICE-LADS.

Why do you turn that way?

OTHER PRENTICE-LADS.

On to the Hunters' Lodge we mean to stray.

THE FIRST PARTY.

Well, we shall stroll towards the Mill. Come, brothers.

A PRENTICE-LAD.

Go to the River-Inn, that's my advice.

SECOND PRENTICE-LAD.

The road is anything but nice.

THE SECOND PARTY.

And what will you do?

THIRD PRENTICE-LAD.

I shall join the others.

FOURTH PRENTICE-LAD.

To Burgdorf come. You'll find there, never fear,
The prettiest lasses and the choicest beer,
And first-class cudgel-play for pastime.

FIFTH PRENTICE-LAD.

How now, thou mad-brained fellow, thou!
Itches thine hide for its third tanning now?
I'll go no more; my bones ache from the last time.

SERVANT-MAID.

No, no, to town I'm going back.

ANOTHER.

There by the poplars—there he'll be I trow.

THE FIRST.

That's no great joy for me, good lack!
For ever at your side he'll go,
Your partner on the green he'll be,
But what is all your fun to me!

THE OTHER.

He won't be by himself, 'tis truth I tell;
He said that Curly-Pate would come as well.

STUDENT.

Gad! how the lusty wenches step away!
Come, Brother! we must squire them for the day.

A stinging beer, and a biting weed,
And a lass in her gayest trim,—that's bliss indeed.

BURGHERMAIDEN.

Look at those handsome fellows, now!
It really is a shame to see;
They're running after servant-maids, I vow,
When they could have the most genteel society.

SECOND STUDENT, *to the first.*

Nay, not so fast, there follow two behind,
So sprucely dressed they look quite striking!
And my fair neighbour's one, I find;
The girl is greatly to my liking.
And though they trip it so demurely,
Yet in the end, they'll take us with them, surely.

THE FIRST.

Nay, not for me your prudish damsels! Come!
Quick on the game, before it takes to cover.
The hand that plies on Saturday the broom,
On Sunday fondles best of all the lover.

BURGHER.

No, the new burgomaster likes me not, I say!
He grows more overbearing every day,
Since his preferment. Aye, and what for the town does he?
Are not things going from bad to worse?
Ever more wide must gape our purse,
And truckle more and more must we.

BEGGAR *sings.*

Good gentlemen and ladies fair,
With dresses gay and cheeks like roses,

One glance for my misfortunes spare!
Pity the woe my song discloses!
Hear not my organ grind unheeding;
Who gaily gives, alone is gay.
When all from work are blithely speeding,
Be it the beggar's harvest-day.

ANOTHER BURGHER.

On Sundays and on Saints' days, that's my humour,
When out in Turkey yonder, far away,
The nations clash in arms—to sit far from the fray,
And talk of war and warlike rumour.
You stand beside the window, quaff your ale,
Watch the gay ships glide merrily down the river,
And home you go, when day begins to fail,
And bless your lucky stars your days are peaceful ever.

THIRD BURGHER.

Aye, neighbour, that's a humour I'm with *you* in,
Let them, say I, split one another's pate,
Nay, let the world go all to rack and ruin,
So long as here at home things go the good old gait!

OLD CRONE, *to the Burghermaidens.*

Eh! but you're braw! What pretty innocence!
What lad could keep his heart that met you?
Nay, not so proud—there's no offence!
And what you want, Old Goody'll surely get you.

BURGHERMAIDEN.

Agatha, come! in public to be seen
With such a hag I never should get over!
'Tis true, she let me see last Hallowe'en,
In flesh and blood, my future lover.

THE OTHER.

To me she showed him in the crystal-ball,
In soldier-guise, with comrades bold around him.
I've sought him everywhere, yet spite of all
I've sought in vain, and nowhere have I found him.

SOLDIERS.

Castles with lofty
Bulwarks embattled,
Maidens disdainful,
Haughtily-mettled
Fain would I capture!
Glorious the rapture,
Bold though the toil!

Us do the trumpets
Win by their wooing,
Be it to joyance
Or be it to ruin.
Life is all tumult!
Life is all splendour!
Castles and maidens
Both must surrender.
Glorious the rapture,
Bold though the toil!
Gaily the soldiers
Bear off the spoil!

[*Enter* FAUST *and* WAGNER.

FAUST.

Freed from ice are the water-courses,
For kindly and quickening, Spring hath scope.
The vale is abud with the boon of hope;
And aged Winter, with waning forces,
Slinks to the rugged mountain-slope.
Thence he can only send in his spleen
Impotent showers of hurtling hail,
Driving in gusts o'er the tender green.
But the sun will harbour no white in the vale.
With growth and with travail the earth is a-thrill,
The sun would have all things in colour arrayed;
Yet bare of blossom the fields are still,
So he takes the folk's gay dresses instead.
Back from the upland turn thee round!
View the town from this rising ground!
Forth from the hollow, gloomy gateway
Sways and surges a motley horde,
Fain to bask in the sunshine straightway.
'Tis the festal-day of the Risen Lord!
They too, in truth, are themselves arisen;
From stifling rooms in houses lowly,
From craft and traffic that chain them wholly,
From roof and gable—that press like a prison,
Forth from the straits of the crowded alley,
Forth from the church's solemn night,
All—they are brought again to light.
Look now! look! not a whit they dally.
Swiftly they scatter through garden and mead
O'er the broad river, the length of the valley,
Frolicking gaily the pleasure-boats speed.

See how its burden overfills
The last frail bark that puts from the bay!
See how even the distant hills
Send us glimpses of garments gay!
With rustic mirth the air is riven.
This is the people's very heaven!
Great and small cry out in glee:
Here am I man, here man may be!

WAGNER.

With you, Sir Doctor, thus to ramble
Is both an honour and a gain.
Alone, I should avoid this vulgar scramble,
For every kind of coarseness is my bane.
Your fiddling, bawling, skittle-playing,
I count most hateful sounds among.
They rage, as the Foul Fiend their will were swaying,
And joy they call it, call it song.

PEASANTS *under the lime-tree.*

Dance and Song.

The shepherd, all on a holiday
Donned for the dance his jacket gay,
His wreath and ribbons flying.
Already round the linden-tree
The dancers tripped it merrily.
Hey ninny! hey nonny!
Hey ninny! nonny! no!
The fiddle-stick went flying.

He squeezed him through, as bold as brass,
And there he jogged a buxom lass,
His lusty elbow plying.
The saucy damsel turned her head;

O! what an ill-bred clown! she said,
Hey ninny! hey nonny!
Hey ninny! nonny! no!
And that there's no denying!

But round they flew, with footing deft.
They danced to right, they danced to left,
With petticoats a-flying.
They grew so red, they grew so warm,
They rested breathless, arm in arm,
Hey ninny! hey nonny!
Hey ninny! nonny! no!
On hips their elbows lying.

Now do not make so free! she said.
How many a lover cheats his maid,
With lying and denying!
Yet as he wheedled her aside,
Rang from the linden far and wide,
Hey ninny! hey nonny!
Hey ninny! nonny! no!
Fiddle and voices vieing.

OLD PEASANT.

Sir Doctor, this is kindly done,
Amidst our rude and boisterous play,
For such a larnéd gentleman
To honour us plain folk to-day.
So please you take the finest mug;
With sweet, cool drink I fill it first,
And pledge you, speaking loud the wish,
It may not merely quench your thirst;
For every drop within the can,
A day be added to your span.

FAUST.

I thank you for your kindly speech,
And drink good health to all and each.

OLD PEASANT.

Nay, of a truth, it is but meet
Our joyful day should see you here.
You proved a very friend in need,
In evil days, when death was near.
And many a man stands here alive,
Whom your good father, wrestling yet,
Snatched from the fever's burning rage,
When for the Plague a bound he set.
And you yourself, a young man then,
In every stricken house were found,
And corpse on corpse was carried forth,
But you came out aye safe and sound.
Steadfast in trials did you prove;
Helped was the helper from above.

ALL.

Health to the trusty man and tried,
That helpful still he long may bide!

FAUST.

To Him above bow down, my friends,
Who bids us help, and succour sends.
[*He goes on with Wagner.*

WAGNER.

O thou great man! what must thy feelings be,
Hailed with such reverence by the people's voice!
O happy, who can win such joys,
And for his talents, find so rich a fee!

The father shows you to his boys,
No man but asks, and throngs and hurries,
The fiddle stops, the dancer tarries,
You walk along—in rows they stand,
The caps fly off as you draw nigh;
A little more, and every knee would bend,
As came the Holy Housel by.

FAUST.

Yet a few paces onward, up to yonder stone!
Here a brief while we'll rest us from our straying.
Here have I often sat and mused alone,
And racked myself with fasting and with praying.
For rich in hope, and staunch in faith,
With tears and sighs and frenzied wringing
Of aching hands, to stay the Death
I thought, Heaven's Lord to mercy bringing.
And now the crowd's applause rings in mine ears like scorn!
O couldst thou read what in my heart is hidden!
Father and son, no more than babe unborn,
Merit the fame that seeks them thus unbidden.
My father was a worthy gentleman,
To fame unknown, who sought with honest passion,
Yet whimsical device, as was his fashion,
Nature and all her holy rounds to scan;
In the Black Kitchen's murky region,
Cloistered with masters of the craft,
He, guided by prescriptions legion,
Concocted nauseous draught on draught.
There a Red Lion, with the Lily wedded,
A wooer bold, within the tepid bath,

From bridal-bower to bridal-bower was speeded,
Racked by the naked fire's flaming wrath.
If thereupon, in gorgeous hues attired,
Shone the Young Queen within the glassy cell,
There was the medicine. The patients still expired;
None asked the question: Who got well?
Thus have we wrought among these hills and valleys,
With hellish letuaries, worse havoc than the malice
Of that same desolating pest.
Myself to thousands have the poison given;
They pined away—and yet my fame has thriven,
Till I must hear their shameless murderers blessed.

WAGNER.

Why cloud your heart with vain contrition?
Doth it not for the honest man suffice,
If conscientiously, and in punctilious wise,
The art he practise, taught him by tradition?
If as a youth thy sire thou honourest,
Gladly from him his lore wilt thou receive.
If as a man thou further urge the quest,
Thy son may still a higher goal achieve.

FAUST.

O happy, who still hopes in very deed
This weltering sea of error to outwin!
The thing we know not is the thing we need;
If aught we know, at need we find no help therein.
Yet let us not becloud the fleeting boon
Of this bright hour with melancholy brooding!
See how the sunset-glory round us strewn
The green-embowered cots is flooding!

The sun slopes down—the day is overworn;
He hastens hence, to call to life new being.
O that on wings from earth I were upborne,
On in his track and ever onward fleeing!
Then should I see the splendour never pale,
The tranquil world in endless sunset glowing,
And every peak aflame, and hushed lie every vale,
The silver stream in golden rivers flowing.
Then the wild mountain with its dread ravine
No more from him my god-like flight would sunder.
Straightway the sea before the eyes of wonder
With all its sunny bays is seen.
Yet now at last the god is surely sinking
But the new gift impels to flight.
Onward I speed, eternal radiance drinking,
Before me day, and far behind me night,
The sky o'erhead, and far beneath the billows.
A golden dream—meanwhile the glory fails.
Ah me! on wings the spirit lightly sails—
Where shall this lumpish body find their fellows?
And yet the yearning Nature places
In every breast, upwards and onwards springs,
When high o'erhead, lost in the azure spaces,
His quivering song the sky-lark sings;
When o'er the rugged, pine-clad highland,
On outspread wings the eagle soars,
And over sea and over dry land,
The crane toils on to homeward-shores.

WAGNER.

I too have had my whimsies and my fancies,
But no such freak as that by any chances.
On woods and fields, I soon have looked my fill.

I never shall begrudge the bird his pinion.
How elsewise flit we through the mind's dominion,
From book to book, from leaf to leaf, at will!
Such snug delights the wintry-eve console;
A blissful warmth in every limb comes o'er you;
Some venerable parchment then if you unroll,
Ah! then, all Heaven opens out before you!

FAUST.

One only passion is thy bosom's guide;
Seek not to know the other yearning!
Two souls, alas! within my breast abide,
The one to quit the other ever burning.
This, in a lusty passion of delight,
Cleaves to the world with organs tightly-clinging;
Fain from the dust would that its strenuous flight
To realms of loftier sires be winging.
O! spirits of the airy ways,
If such there be, 'twixt earth and heaven ranging,
Come down, come down, from out your golden haze!
Lead me to life unknown and ever-changing!
Aye, were some charméd mantle mine, to bring
To far-off lands its lord at pleasure,
The rarest raiment would not buy my treasure,
Not even the purple mantle of a king.

WAGNER.

Ah! from the atmosphere, wherethrough they stream,
I prithee, conjure not the well-known legion,

With dangers myriad for man that teem,
Thronging from every earthly region.
From the cold North the piercing Spirit-tooth
Searches you home, with tongue sharp as an arrow;
And from the East they flock, parching with drouth,
To feast upon your lungs and marrow;
Those the fierce South sends from the sandy waste,
With scorching glow on glow your sconce bemuddle;
Those from the West refresh you first, but haste
To drench yourself, and make your field a puddle.
Gladly they hear, on mischief blithely bent,
Gladly obey, for gladly would they cheat us;
They make believe from Heaven to be sent,
And when they lie, with angels' tongues they greet us.
But let us go, all grey are grown the skies;
The air is chilled, the mists arise.
At night, one's fireside gets its meed of praise.
Why do you stand and stare in such amaze?
What fills you in the twilight with such trouble?

FAUST.

Dost thou see yon black dog, ranging through shoot and stubble?

WAGNER.

I saw him long ago; he struck me not i' the least.

FAUST.

Look at him narrowly! What mak'st thou of the beast?

WAGNER.

A poodle, who like any poodle breathing,
Casts for the scent, strayed from his master's heels.

FAUST.

Mark how, a mighty spiral round us wreathing,
Nearer and ever nearer yet he steals.
And see! unless mine eyes deceive me queerly,
He trails a fiery eddy in his train.

WAGNER.

I see a poodle—a black poodle merely.
'Tis but some sport, some phantom of your brain.

FAUST.

Meseems he softly coileth magic meshes,
To be a sometime fetter round our feet.

WAGNER.

He frisks in doubt and fear around us, lest ungracious
The strangers' welcome be. He thought his lord to greet.

FAUST.

The circle narrows, now he's near!

WAGNER.

You see, no spectre, but a dog is here.
He growls and falters, grovelling he sues,
He wags his tail,—so all dogs use.

FAUST.

Come, join us, sirrah! Leave thy chase!

WAGNER.

He has the drollest poodle-ways.
Stand still—he too will stand and wait;
Speak but a word—he scrambles up you straight;
If aught you lose, that will he bring you;
Into the water for a stick he'll spring you.

FAUST.

Doubtless you're right; I cannot find a trace
Of mind or spirit—training takes its place.

WAGNER.

The dog, if fitly educated,
E'en by the wise a friend is rated.
Aye, he deserves your favour to the full,
The students' scholar, apt and teachable.
[*They go in by the City-gate.*

STUDY.

Enter FAUST, *with the poodle.*

FAUST.

Now field and mead have I forsaken,
Which Night enshroudeth, deep and still,
In us the better soul doth waken,
With a presaging, holy thrill.
Now stress of deed and storm of yearning
Sleep, at her all-compelling nod;
The love of man now bright is burning,
And burning bright the love of God.

Be quiet, poodle! Run not hither and thither!
On the threshold why snufflest thou?

Lie down behind the stove! Come hither!
My softest cushion I give thee now.
As thou without on the hilly byway,
To make us sport didst spring thy best,
So now I'll cherish thee in my way,
A welcome, if a silent guest.

When in our narrow chamber kindled
The lamp its cheerful radiance throws,
Bright gleams the light that erst had dwindled,
Within the heart itself that knows.
Reason again begins to parley,
And hope to bloom, that seeméd dead;
Then for life's fountains long we dearly,
Ah! dearly for life's Fountain-head.

Nay, snarl not, poodle! With these measures holy,
Wherein my soul is lapped completely,
The brutish tone doth jar unmeetly.
We are used that men should scoff in their folly
At what they grasp not;
At the Good and the Beautiful, which solely
Burden them oft, they should mutter and mumble;
At that will the dog now growl and grumble?

But ah! the best of wills proves unavailing.
Peace in my breast I feel no longer welling.
Yet wherefore hath the stream so swift a drying,
In thirst again to leave us lying?
I've known so oft this swift cessation.
Yet may we fill the void in ample measure;
We learn the Supernatural to treasure;
Our bosom yearns for Revelation,

Which brightest shines, and is most eloquent,
As shown in the New Testament.
I feel a prompting to determine,
From the original holy Text,
The sense, unwarped and unperplexed,
And this to render in mine own dear German.
[*He opens a volume, and sets to work.*
'Tis written: *In the beginning was the Word.*
Already I stick, and who shall help afford?
The *word* at such high rate I may not tender;
The passage must I elsewise render.
If rightly by the Spirit I am taught,
'Tis written: *In the beginning was the Thought.*
By the first line a moment tarry,
Let not thine eager pen itself o'erhurry!
Does *thought* work all and fashion all outright?
It should stand: *In the beginning was the Might.*
Yet even as my pen the sentence traces,
A warning hint the half-writ word effaces.
The Spirit helps me—from all doubting freed,
Thus write I: *In the beginning was the Deed.*

With thee if I must share my dwelling,
Poodle, let be thy yelling,
Thy howling and thy rioting!
A comrade so disquieting
I may not suffer near me.
One of us two, I fear me,
Must void the room; dost hear me?
I am loth to withdraw my hospitality;
The door is open, thy course is free.
But what is this I see?
Can this befall in the course of nature?
Is it a shadow, or is it reality?

How my poodle waxes in stature!
Bigger it looms and bigger!
Nay, that is no dog's figure!
What a spectre brought I into the house!
He looks like a hippopotamus,
With horrid jaws and fiery eyes.
Oh! I see through thy disguise!
For such a hybrid brood of Hell,
Solomon's Key doth passing well.

SPIRITS *in the corridor.*

One is trapped in the gin there!
Stay without, none follow him in there!
Like a fox in the snare,
Quakes an old Hell-lynx there
But give ye heed!
To and fro hover,
Under and over,
And he hath himself befreed!
Help! it were treason
To leave him in prison!
For he at his leisure
Hath oft done us pleasure.

FAUST.

With the beast to grapple well
First I need the fourfold spell:

Salamander, gleam candescent!
Thou, Undine, shalt wreathe and coil!
Sylph, disperse thee evanescent!
Goblin, thou shalt toil and moil!

Who ignorant is
Of the elements four,
Their inner power,

And qualities,
He little merits
To govern the spirits.

Vanish flaming and flashing,
Salamander!
Flow with a liquid plashing,
Undine!
Shine in meteoric sheen,
Sylph!
Bring household help, thou lubber-elf,
Incubus! Incubus!
Come now forth, the spell to close!

Of that four at least,
Lurks none in the beast;
It lies at its ease, and grins in my face.
Not yet have I touched its tender place.
Nay then, yet stronger
Thou shalt hear me conjure.

Art thou, fellow,
A scapeling from Hell? Lo,
Gaze on this symbol,
At which do tremble
The black battalions!

It bristles and swells, for all its valiance.

Thou outcast being,
Quake, this token seeing,
The Uncreated,
Undenominated,
Shamefully Immolated
By whom all Heaven is permeated!

Behind the stove now doth it skulk,
Swollen to elephantine bulk;
All the room 'tis swiftly filling,

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poodle leapt across it all unmindful,
But now things wear another face!
The Devil cannot void the place.

FAUST.

But pray, what bars thine exit through the lattice?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A law that binds all ghosts and devils that is,
Which by the way they entered, bids them their steps retrace.
The first is open to us—we're bondsmen by the second.

FAUST.

In Hell itself are some laws binding reckoned?
Bravo! then Sirs, with you one might contract
A bond, and ye would keep it to a tittle?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

From what we promise, not a shred we whittle,
And unalloyed thou shalt enjoy the pact.
Yet these things ask a lengthier comment;
We'll talk more of them by and by.
But now, I pray you instantly,
Dismiss me for the present moment.

FAUST.

Nay, yet a moment stay. Humour my bent,
And tell me of thy tidings, prithee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dismiss me now! I'll soon again be with thee,
Then thou shalt question to thine heart's content.

FAUST.

I set no snare! Thou in hot haste
Didst blunder in, thyself entrapping.
Who holds the Devil, hold him fast,
Nor hope a second time to catch the Devil napping!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well then, I'll bear thee company, and fain,
Sir Doctor, if it be thy pleasure,
So this proviso I obtain,
That with mine arts I while away thy leisure.

FAUST.

Do so! that will I gladly see,
So that thine art but pleasing be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, this hour will be more lavish
In all that may thy senses ravish,
Than is the year's monotony.
That which the dainty sprites shall sing thee,
The beauteous visions they shall bring thee,
Will be no empty, juggling show.
To glad thy smell, sweet scents shall trickle,
Sweet savours then thy palate tickle,
Thy feeling last with rapture glow,
No preparation do we need;
All are assembled, pray proceed!

SPIRITS.

Vanish! ye darksome
Vaultings above him.
Bright beyond measure
Shine in the azure

Ethereal sky !
Scatter, ye darkling
Clouds, and the tender
Starlight be sparkling;
Sun's softer splendour,
Beam from on high !
Spirits' aerial
Beauty ethereal
Heaven with tremulous
Hovering covers.
Yearning all emulous
After it hovers.
Garments bright gleaming
With ribbons a-streaming
Float o'er the teeming
Land and the arbour,
Where till death smite them,
Thought in thought merging
True lovers plight them,
Arbour by arbour !
Vine-tendrils burgeon ;
Into their harbour
Under the wine-press
Fruits of the vine press !
Forth in a torrent
Wells the sweet current ;
Foams effervescent
Through gems iridescent;
Streams from the highland ;
Widens to lakelets
Over the dry land,
Clasping like necklets
Emerald mountains.
Slaked at their fountains
Wildfowl soar onward,

Fluttering sunward;
On where the brightsome
Isles of the ocean,
Dance with a lightsome
Tremulous motion;
Where the entrancing
Jubilant chorus,
Singing and dancing
Flits on before us;
Flits o'er the meadows,
Scatters like shadows,
Some bent on scaling
Towering mountains,
Others on sailing
Ocean's salt fountains,
Others on flying,
Lifewards all hieing,
All to the far-away
Love-beaming star away,
Gracious and blest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough! ye dainty, airy sprites, your numbers
Have lulled his sense in charméd slumbers!
For this sweet concert I your debtor rest.
Not yet art thou the man to hold the Devil thy vassal!
With dream-wrought wraiths his fancy dazzle
And in a sea of glamour steep!
And now, to cleave the threshold's magic puzzle,
A rat's tooth to my aid I clepe.
It needs no lengthy conjuration;
One rustles near already—he'll hear my incantation.

The lord of rats and bats and mice,
Of frogs and flies and bugs and lice,
Bids thee come forth and gnaw this door-sill,
Which he bedaubeth with a morsel
Of toothsome oil to tempt thy snout!

Already comes one hopping out.
Now quick to work! The point that doth perplex me,
Here at the corner stands and checks me.
Another bite and it is done!
Now, Faust, until we meet again, dream on!

FAUST, *awaking.*

What! am I once again then cheated?
And vanishes the spirit-foison thus,
That but a dream the Devil counterfeited,
A poodle from my room broke loose?

STUDY.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock! Come in! Who comes again to spite me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I.

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Three times you must invite me!

FAUST.

Come in then!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! Now we shall be
Fast friends, I hope, through all that chances!
For here to chase your brain-sick fancies
I come, a squire of high degree;
In raiment red, with gold all braided,
In silken mantle, stiff brocaded,
A jaunty cock's plume in my cap,
And on my hip, a long keen weapon;
And here is counsel full of sap:
Rig thyself out in garb like-shapen,
All trammels rend in twain, and free
Henceforth what life is thou shalt see.

FAUST.

This cramping earthly life with one same curse
In every garb alike my soul would stifle.
Alas! I am too old to trifle,
Too young, no yearning wish to nurse.
What hath the world to tempt a trial?
But self-denial, self-denial!
That is the everlasting song
In all men's ears that ever rings,
Which every hour, our whole life long,
In hoarsest accents ever sings.
Only with horror every morn I waken.
Then could I weep as one of hope forsaken,
To see the day, which ere its course be done
Will not fulfil one wish of mine—not one!
Which carping ever, like a gnawing worm,
Before the fruit, blights pleasure in the blossom;
With grinning masks of life in myriad form

Mars the creations of my fruitful bosom.
Nay, and when peaceful night sinks softly down
All fearful on my couch I lay me;
E'en there no sleep my cares may drown,
But wildest visions will affray me.
The god that in my breast abides
Stirs to its depths mine inmost passion;
He that supreme o'er all my powers presides,
O'er naught without hath domination.
And so to me existence is a burden,
Hateful is Life, and Death a longed-for guerdon.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet Death's a guest 'gainst whom their hearts men ever harden.

FAUST.

Happy whose brows in Victory's flush and gladness
With blood-drenched laurels by Death's hand are laden!
Who from the dance's breathless madness
Dies in the arms of some fair maiden!
Would I, before the lofty Spirit's might,
Entranced, unsouled, from Earth away had sunken!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet hath some one, on a certain night,
Such and such a brown juice not drunken!

FAUST.

In eaves-dropping, it seems, is thy delight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Much do I know—though not omniscient quite.

FAUST.

Since from my spirit's dread upheaval
Charmed me yon sweet, familiar chime,
Cheating my will with vain retrieval
Of moods from childhood's blissful time—
Cursed be all baubles that enamour
With cheating, juggling charm, the soul;
Or chain it with elusive glamour
Within this dreary, dungeon-hole!
Cursed before all the high opinion
In which the soul itself ensnares!
Cursed be false seeming, Fancy's minion,
That takes the senses unawares!
Cursed be the dreams that daylight shatters
Of name and fame outliving life!
Cursed be the owner's pride that flatters
In hind and plough, in child and wife!
Accursed be Mammon, when with treasures
He spurs us on to hardy deeds!
Accursed, when serving slothful pleasures
He smooths the cushion to our needs!
Cursed be the grape-vine's sweet effusion!
Cursed that last favour Love doth seek!
Cursed be Hope's vision, Faith's delusion,
And cursed, thrice cursed, be Patience meek!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS, *invisible*

Woe! woe!
See how it crumbles,
The beauteous world,
Beneath thy blow!
It totters, it tumbles!
A demi-god smote it asunder!
We wander,
Sadly bearing the wrack of beauty,

Where yonder
Gapes the Void with gloomy portal.
Dutiful
Do thou, great mortal,
Beautiful
In new splendour,
In thy bosom build it again.
A new life, if thou so ordain,
Commences
With clearer senses,
And songs more tender
Breathe a new strain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These are the tiny
Ones in my meiny.
They exhort to deeds and pleasure,
Shrewd beyond youth's measure.
Into the wide wide world they would
Draw thee from solitude,
Where sap and senses stagnate,
As draws the steel the magnet.

Cease toying with thy melancholy,
That like a vulture eats into thine heart!
No company so poor, but plentifully
'Twill teach that man with men thou art.
Yet that is not to say
I'd thrust thee among the rabble!
I'm none o' the fashionable,
Yet wilt thou take thy way
Through life with me united,
Then I shall be delighted
Thine on the spot to make me.
For thy fellow take me,

And so thy praise I have,
I'll be thy servant, be thy slave!

FAUST.

And what return on my part must be given?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There's time enough, on that we won't insist.

FAUST.

Nay, nay! The Devil is an egotist,
Nor ever, for the mere love of Heaven
Itches his neighbour to assist.
What thy conditions are disclose.
One of thy livery brings danger into the house.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here will I pledge myself to serve thee truly,
Be at thy beck, nor know repose nor rest.
When we meet yonder, shalt thou duly
In a like manner do my hest.

FAUST.

The Yonder is a trifling matter;
This world in ruins if thou shatter,
Why, let the other then arise!
'Tis from this world my life its joys doth borrow;
This sun it is that shines upon my sorrow;
Part me therefrom, and on the morrow,
Happen what will or can, I reck no wise.
No more on this head will I ponder,
Hereafter if men hate or love,
Or if too in the far spheres yonder
There be an Under or Above.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thus minded canst thou safely venture.
Resolve thee! Set thine hand unto the indenture!
With joy mine arts forthwith thou'lt see.
What no man yet beheld, that give I thee.

FAUST.

And pray, what wilt thou give, poor Devil?
When could the like of thee rise to the lofty level
To which doth strive the human breast?
Yet hast thou food that fills not, yet thou hast
Red gold that trickles without rest,
Quicksilver-like, the fingers' clutch between;
A game at which we never win;
A girl that on my breast doth toy,
Yet ogling plights herself unto my neighbour;
And Honour's splendid, God-like joy,
That vanishes, like meteoric vapour.
Show me the fruit that ere 'tis plucked doth rot,
And trees that deck them with new verdure daily!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a commission frights me not.
I'll serve thee with such treasures gaily.
But, good my friend, the time draws on apace,
When at our ease, a royal feast we'll savour.

FAUST.

If on the bed of sloth I loll contented ever,
Then with that moment end my race!
Canst thou delude me with thy glozing

Self-pleased, to put my grief away,
Canst thou my soul with pleasures cozen,
Then be that day my life's last day!
That is the wager.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done!

FAUST.

Aye, done, I say!
When to the moment fleeting past me,
Tarry! I cry, so fair thou art!
Then into fetters mayst thou cast me,
Then let come doom, with all my heart!
Then toll the death-bell, do not linger,
Then be thy bondage o'er and done,
Let the clock stop, let fall the finger,
Let Time for me be past and gone!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bethink thee shrewdly—we shall not forget it!

FAUST.

Thy right thereto none will deny.
Not rash my choice is, nor shall I regret it.
E'en as I am, a slave am I;
Thine or another's, one I rate it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This very day, my servant's part to do,
At the Doctor's banquet I'll be with thee.
But one thing still, come life, come death, I prithee
Give me a written line or two,

FAUST.

Thou pedant! what, and must thou have a scrawl?
Hast thou then known no man, nor known man's word at all?
Is't not enough my spoken word alone
Shall sway my life, until the crack o' doom is?
Doth not the world in all its streams sweep on,
And dost thou think to bind me with a promise?
Yet is this folly in each heart instilled,
And who would rid him of the error?
Happy whose breast with pure good faith is filled!
When falls the bond, he'll enter no demurrer.
Nathless a deed bescribbled and besealed,
A bugbear is from which all shrink in terror.
The word dies ere the pen record it,
And henceforth wax and sheepskin lord it.
What wilt thou, Evil Spirit, say?
Bronze, marble, parchment, paper, eh?
Shall graver, quill or chisel fix the story?
Say but the word, I am not nice!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How canst thou in such heated wise
At once o'erstrain thine oratory?
Any chance scrap of paper's good;
And for the signature, a little drop of blood.

FAUST.

To humour thy solicitude
We'll play the farce in all its glory.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood has quite matchless properties,

FAUST.

And fear not thou that with this bond I'll palter.
The essence of my promise is
To strive with all my might, nor shall I falter.
I puffed me up beyond my height;
In thy rank only is my place.
Me the great Spirit did but slight.
Nature her door shuts in my face.
The thread of thought is snapped in twain.
All knowledge long hath loathsome been.
Our glowing passions in a sensual sea
Now will we quench, nor in the shallows dabble!
In magic veils impenetrable
Straightway each marvel ready be!
Headlong we'll plunge in the turmoil of Time,
The roll of Circumstance sublime;
And then let Pain and Delight,
Fruition and Despite,
Each with each interchange as they can.
'Tis action alone attests the man!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For you no time or term is leased.
Would you all sweets of being rifle,
Or on the wing snap up a trifle,
I wish you joy of every feast.
Only fall to, and don't need pressing.

FAUST.

You hear! No dreams of joy am I caressing!
The giddy whirl be mine, with agonized delight,
With loving hatred, quickening despite.
My bosom, healed now from the lust of learning,
Henceforth unto no pain shall close its portals;
And in myself I'll gratify each yearning,

Assigned in sum to the whole race of mortals.
All heights and depths my mind shall compass single;
All weal and woe within my breast shall mingle;
Till mine own self to mankind's self expanded,
Like it at last upon Time's reef be stranded.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, take my word, who many a thousand year
This bitter cud to chew am driven,
That from the cradle to the bier
No man digests the old, old leaven.
Sure testimony we can render:
This Whole but for a God is made.
He thrones at ease amid eternal splendour;
Us hath He thrust in Stygian shade;
Your needs alone with Day and Night are stayed.

FAUST.

Nay, but I will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That's bravely spoken!
Alas! there is but one thing wrong:
Time is but short, and Art is long!
Why not take lessons, more by token?
Knock up acquaintance with some poet!
Then let him seek, in thought all Nature sweeping,
Each noble quality, on you bestow it,
With spoils your honoured pate upheaping—
The lion's dauntless mood,
The stag's fleet-footedness,
The Italian's fiery blood,
The Northern steadfastness.

Let him the secret find, to graft
On the same stock, nobility and craft.
And how, with youth hot in your bosom,
To fall in love according to a system.
I'd like to meet that paragon of wisdom!
I'd christen such an one Sir Microcosm.

FAUST.

What am I then, if Fate mine efforts thwart
The crown of all humanity from earning,
For which my senses all are ever yearning?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, in the end, thou'rt what thou art!
Though thou be crowned with wigs of myriad tresses,
Although thy foot on ell-high buskins presses,
Thou bidest ever what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel it! vainly have I every treasure
Won by man's mind, raked up my hoard to swell!
When I sit down at last, my gains to measure,
I feel no new-born power within me well;
Not by a hair's breadth am I higher,
Nor to the Infinite am nigher.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, my good Sir, to put it crudely,
You see things just as things exist.
We must lay hold of life more shrewdly,
Ere all the joys of life we've missed.
Why, what a mischief! thine in truth
Are hands and feet, and head and belly;
Yet all that I enjoy, good sooth,

Is no less mine for that, I tell ye!
Six stallions if my money buy,
Their strength is mine in all its plenty!
I spank along, a right good man am I,
As though my legs were four-and-twenty.
Up then, let all this brooding be,
And out into the world with me!
Mark me! the wight that speculates,
Like to a beast on a bare common,
Led by an evil spirit, round and round gyrates,
Whilst fair green pastures round him vainly summon.

FAUST.

How shall we set about it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First get out of this!
Why, what a torture-hole it is!
And what a life—boxed up in bunkers,
To plague oneself and plague the younkers!
Pray, leave that to your neighbour Paunch!
Why thresh the old, old straw, over and over?
You haven't even got *carte blanche*
To tell the lads the best you can discover.
I hear one stirring in the lobby.

FAUST.

I cannot see him now, indeed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, but he's waited long, poor booby!
He must not go uncomforted.
Give me thy cap and gown here! Marry,
'Twill seem me well, this mummery to flaunt!
[*He disguises himself.*

Now trust my wits to do the necessary.
Some quarter of an hour is all I want;
Meanwhile equip thee for our little jaunt.

[*Exit Faust.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *in Faust's long robe.*

Go to! slight reason, now, and science slight,
Wherein doth lie man's greatest might!
Let but the spirit of lies enamour
Thy soul of sorcery and glamour,
And pact or none—I hold thee tight!
To him hath Destiny a spirit given
That all unbridled, ever forward sweeps,
And by o'erhasty effort driven,
The Earth's delights still overleaps.
Through wildest life I'll hale him by the thrapple,
Through vapid insignificancy;
I'll have him wriggle, boggle, grapple,
And his insatiability
With meat and drink I'll mock, before parched lips that hover.
Vainly he'll crave refreshment for his flame.
Himself unto the Devil had he not made over,
He'd go to the devil all the same!

[*Enter a student.*

STUDENT.

Newly arrived, I come direct,
Filled with the most profound respect,
To know—since such your condescension,
A man whom all with reverence mention.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy rejoices me;
A man like many another you see.
Have you already sought elsewhere?

STUDENT.

I pray you let me be your care!
I come to you with courage good,
Fair store of money and fresh young blood.
Scarce would my mother let me to college.
Fain would I get me some useful knowledge.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You couldn't have come to a better place!

STUDENT.

Frankly, I'd fain my steps retrace!
Within these walls and chambers gloomy
I'm ill at ease. Were they but roomy—
But all so cramped is to my mind.
No green thing, not a tree I find.
And in the class-room, on the benches,
My brain reels and my reason blenches.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Believe me, 'tis but use you lack.
So at the first its mother's breast
A child not willingly doth take;
Yet soon it sucks with right good zest.
So you at Wisdom's breasts new pleasure
Will find each day in growing measure.

STUDENT.

I'll hang on her neck with rapture, do not doubt it.
But pray you, now, how shall I set about it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Twere best, no further time to lose,
To say what Faculty you choose.

STUDENT.

Right learned would I be, and even
All things would compass, that in Heaven
Or on the Earth here are enacted,
All Science, all Nature would assail.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why there you're on the proper trail.
Yet must you not let yourself be distracted.

STUDENT.

My heart and soul are in the chase;
Yet to be frank, a little leisure
On beautiful summer-holidays,
And a little pastime would give me pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Husband your time, Time fleets so swiftly on;
Yet order teaches how time may be won.
My dear young friend, I bid you therefore
A course of Logic first prepare for.
Then will your mind be drilled and braced,
In Spanish boots be tightly laced,
And henceforth greater caution taught,
Shuffle along the path of thought,
Nor zigzag, as the wind may blow,
Will o' the wisp it to and fro.
Then will they teach you many a day,
That what at a stroke you did alway,
Like eating and like drinking free,
Must needs be done with one, two, three.
True, the tissue of thought hath warp and weft,
Like a masterpiece of the weaver's craft.
One tread, and a thousand threads do flit,
Hitherward, thitherward, shoots the shuttle;

The threads flow out, unseen and subtle;
One stroke, and a thousand knots are knit.
Then the philosopher learnedly
Shows you that so the thing must be.
The First was so, the Second so,
Therefore the Third and Fourth are so;
And were not the First and Second, then
The Third and Fourth had never been.
All scholars praise it, but Lord love 'em,
It hasn't yet made weavers of 'em!
He who some living thing would study
Drives first the spirit out of the body,
And then the parts he holds in his hand,
And there fails him but the spiritual band.
Encheiresis Naturae, Chemistry calls it,
Mocks itself, knowing not what befalls it.

STUDENT.

I fear I don't quite grasp the matter.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

After a while you'll manage better.
You'll learn to reduce things by and by,
And to classify all appropriately.

STUDENT.

My wits are dazed with what you've said
As went a mill-wheel round in my head.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And then, the next thing I must mention,
Is Metaphysics. Give it your close attention.
With thought profound take care to span
What won't fit into the brain of man.
But fit or not—'tis small concern,

A pompous word will serve your turn.
But for this session—first of all
See that you be methodical.
Each day you're here for five hours' space;
With the first stroke be in your place.
Be well prepared before you start.
Get all your paragraphs by heart,
That you may spy, with watchful look
Lest aught he say that's not i' the book.
And write for dear life's sake, as though
The Holy Ghost dictated to you.

STUDENT.

Nay, there I'll need no second telling.
I think I know its worth aright;
For what one has in black and white
One takes with an easy mind to one's dwelling.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But pray you, choose me a Faculty.

STUDENT.

For Jurisprudence, now, I've little inclination.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, there you don't incur my reprobation.
This science as it really is I see.
Like an eternal, rank contagion,
Statutes and laws are inherited.
They drag from generation on to generation,
And stealthily from place to place they spread.
Reason to nonsense turns, blessings to curses;
Woe's thee, that thou'rt the heir of Time!
But there's no question of that right sublime
That with us born into this universe is.

STUDENT.

Your words but make me shrink the more.
Happy who profits by your lore!
Theology, now, to my heart lies nearer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I were loth to lead you into error.
Thus hold I of this discipline:
In such a maze the road so hard to gain is,
Such store of hidden venom lies therein,
And scarce you know which medicine and which bane is.
Here too 'twere best one master you should hear,
And what he says, that do you swear.
In sum, hold fast by words, then straightway
You'll enter by the sure safe gateway
Into the Temple of Certainty.

STUDENT.

Yet some idea behind the word must be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O yes! yet need we not with too great scruples rack us,
For just where all ideas lack us,
Comes an apt word to fill the vacancy.
With words you can argue, and subtly twist 'em;
From words, construct a goodly system;
In words believe, nor can you whittle
From a word, a single jot or tittle.

STUDENT.

Pardon! with many questions I detain you,
Yet must I tax your patience still.

On Medicine, if it be your will,
A pithy word to speak I would constrain you.
Three years—how quickly will they glide!
God knows, the field is far too wide!
If but a single clue is known
The maze is easier to unravel.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside.*

I'm sick of this pedantic tone—
Now will I play the very devil! [*Aloud.*
Of Medicine easy 'tis to grasp the essence.
Through great and little world you studiously plod,
Then let things go, in spite of all your lessons,
As pleases God!
Vainly you range all round with scientific zeal,
For every one but learns just what he can.
Who puts a timely spoke in Fortune's wheel,
He is the proper man!
You're well-built, handsome, and robust;
Boldness you do not lack, nor must you,
For if yourself you only trust,
Be sure that others too will trust you.
And firstly, learn to lead the women;
With all their endless groans and sighs
In cōuntless wise
There's but one way to physic *them* in.
Decorum! and you'll hold the band
All in the hollow of your hand.
First get a title—then be sure that *they*'ll come
Convinced thereby your art has scarce its peers.
So may you finger everything and welcome
Round which another prowls for years and years.

Press where the pulse so shyly dances!
Clasp her with sly and fiery glances,
Freely about the slender waist,
To see how tightly she be laced!

STUDENT.

Nay, that looks better, now! The Where and
How we see!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My dear young friend, grey is all theory,
The golden tree of life is green!

STUDENT.

I feel as 'twere some dream I wander in!
Might I still further trespass on your patience
Throughly to hear your lore on meet occasions?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What I can do, I gladly will.

STUDENT.

I cannot take my leave, until
Some word to grace my album I've bespoken.
Pray let your favour grant this token.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And fain!

[*He writes and gives it back again.*

STUDENT *reads.*

ERITIS SICUT DEUS, SCIENTES BONUM ET MALUM.

[*Closes the book reverently and takes his leave.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Follow the ancient saw, and follow the snake,
my cousin;

God's image as thou art, thou'lt rue the way
thou hast chosen!

[*Enter Faust.*

FAUST.

Whither lies now our way?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whither it pleases thee.
The little world and then the great we'll see.
With joy and gain, led by the Devil,
Quite gratis through the course thou'lt revel.

FAUST.

Yet with this flowing beard bedight
I lack the ease of life polite.
I court but failure in the endeavour.
To mingle with the world, that could I never.
I feel so small where others are;
I should be awkward everywhere.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis use, my friend, all use; allay thy fever.
If but thou trust thyself, then hast thou *savoir vivre.*

FAUST.

Forth from the house how shall we speed?
Where hast thou carriage, groom and horses?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

An outspread cloak is all we need,
Thorough the air to take our courses.
But this bold journey as we make
No bulky bundle must thou take.
A little inflammable air, which I'll make ready,

From earth will waft us, sure and speedy.
Full quickly we shall rise, if light we are.
I wish you joy upon your new career!

AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPSIC.

BOON COMPANIONS AT A DRINKING-BOUT.

FROSCH.

Will no one drink? Will none guffaw?
I'll teach you all to pull sour faces!
To-day you're all like sodden straw,
Whose wit is wont to flare like blazes.

BRANDER.

Thine is the fault—from thee we wait some sign,
Some trick such as befits a clown or swine.

FROSCH.

[*Pours a glass of wine over his head.*
There, that fits both!

BRANDER.

Thou double-swine!

FROSCH.

Nay, thou wouldst have it, the fault is thine.

SIEBEL.

Out at the door with them that quarrel!
Swill now, and bawl, and *down-down-derry-down* carol!
Up! Holla! Ho!

ALTMAYER.

Woe's me! I'm lost, alack!
Bring cotton-wool! the knave mine ears will crack!

SIEBEL.

The vault must fairly ring again,
Ere to the full we feel the bass's deep refrain.

FROSCH.

That's right! who takes offence, out with the surly loon!
Ri-tooral-looral-li!

ALTMAYER.

Ri-tooral-looral-li!

FROSCH.

Now are our throats in tune.

Sings.

The good old Holy Roman Realm,
How hangs it still together?

BRANDER.

A scurvy song! Faugh! A political song!
A filthy song! Thank God with day's return
The Holy Roman Empire's none of your concern.
At least I hold it gain that Fortune fated me
Nor Emperor nor Chancellor to be.
And yet some overlord there must not lack us;
We'll make a Pope to sit i' the seat of Bacchus.
You know what quality, you Sirs,
Decides the choice, the man prefers.

FROSCH *sings.*

Soar aloft, Dame Nightingale,
My Love with thousand greetings hail!

SIEBEL.

Greet me no greetings! I'll no word of greeting!

FROSCH.

A greeting i' thy teeth, and a kiss too for my sweeting!

Sings.

Draw the bolt at midnight stilly,
Draw the bolt, thy lover wakes.
Shoot the bolt i' the twilight chilly!

SIEBEL.

Nay, sing now, sing! and vaunt her till thy throttle aches!
I too shall have my turn of laughing.
She's played me false, the jade! She'll fool thee with her daffing.
Some lubber-fiend would be a gallant meet;
Let her in crossways wanton with her demon.
Some old he-goat good-night to her should bleat,
Back from the Blocksberg turned, a fitting leman.
A proper lad—a piece of flesh and blood,
Is for the baggage far too good!
I tell you flat—I use no inuendoes;
No greeting for the hussy! Smash her windows!

BRANDER, *hammering on the table.*

Give heed! give heed! A word with you!
And own, you Sirs, I don't lack breeding,

For love-sick folk sit here in view—
All honour to whom honour is due!
I'll give them a song that's worth their heeding.
Mark now! A brand-new song 'twill be,
And bear me a burden lustily.

He sings.

I' the cellar-nest there lived a rat
That fed on fat and butter.
He grew a little paunch as fat
As the paunch of Doctor Luther.
The cook laid poison one fine night,
Then grew his little world as tight
As had he love in his belly.

CHORUS, *jubilant.*

As had he love in his belly.

BRANDER.

About he flew and out he flew
And swilled from every puddle.
He gnawed and clawed the whole house through,
It booted not a bodle!
He leapt in agony aloft and alow,
But soon, poor beast, he had enow,
As had he love in his belly.

CHORUS.

As had he love in his belly.

BRANDER.

Then did he writhing i' the open day
Into the kitchen scuffle;
Fell upon the hearth and squirming lay,
And piteously did snuffle.

Loud laughed the murderess to see him roll.
Aha! he's a-piping on his very last hole,
As had he love in his belly.

CHORUS.

As had he love in his belly.

SIEBEL.

The muddy rascals—how they rollick!
A noble art, good sooth! to strew
Poison to give poor rats the colic!

BRANDER.

They're high in favour, eh, with you?

ALTMAYER.

The bald pate with the big round belly!
He's tamed and humbled by his woes,
And in the swollen rat, I tell ye,
His faithful counterfeit he knows.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now is my very first anxiety
To show thee jovial society,
That thou mayst see how lightly life can sit.
Each day these fellows make a feast of it.
With little wit and mickle comfort
Each in his narrow circle wheels,
As playful kittens chase their tails.
Save when their heads do ache and hum for't,
So but the host will score the shot,
They live in mirth and worry not.

BRANDER.

They're fresh from travelling, as I'm a sinner!
One reads it in their dress and odd demeanour.
They've not been here a single hour.

FROSCH.

You've hit it! Well of towns, my Leipsic is
the flower;
A little Paris 'tis and polishes its people.

SIEBEL.

Canst guess their calling?

FROSCH.

Aye, beyond a doubt!
Let me alone for that! Over a brimming
tankard
I'll worm the fellows' secret out
As 'twere a milk-tooth, were they ne'er so
cankered.
It seems to me they come of a noble stock;
They have a haughty, discontented look.

BRANDER.

They're mountebanks, I'll lay a dollar!

ALTMAYER.

Maybe.

FROSCH.

I'll smoke them. Mark the event!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

The Devil the vulgar herd ne'er scent,
E'en though he have them by the collar.

FAUST.

We greet you fairly, Sirs.

SIEBEL.

We you, with thanks to boot.
[*Aside, looking askance at Mephistopheles.*
Why limps the fellow on one foot?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pray, have we leave to join your merry party?
Good drink is lacking here, yet fain we'd take our ease
Amongst a company so hearty.

ALTMAYER.

Gadzooks! You're very hard to please!

FROSCH.

'Twas doubtless late from Rippach when you started—
With Squire Hans, belike, you broke your evening fast?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day we only travelled past.
Last time we talked with him, and ere we parted
He'd much to say of this and the other cousin,
And loaded us for each with greetings by the dozen.
[*He bows to Frosch.*

ALTMAYER, *in an undertone.*

He's rapped you over the knuckles! He's a cunning dog!

SIEBEL.

Aye, he's all there!

FROSCH.

Wait now! I'll have him yet, the rogue!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Methinks we heard in chorus sing
Voices that lacked not cultivation;
And truly from this vault must ring
Your song with a rich reverberation.

FROSCH.

Are you perchance a virtuoso?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh no! though fond of song, my singing is but so-so.

ALTMAYER.

Sing us a stave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, if you wish it, twenty.

SIEBEL.

Let it but be a brand-new strain!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We are but newly come from Spain,
The beauteous land of wine and song in plenty.

He sings.

A king once ruled a nation
And he had a fair big flea.

FROSCH.

A flea, quotha! Nay now, I pray you, heed!
A flea's a dainty guest indeed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A king once ruled a nation
And he had a fair big flea.
He loved him in such fashion
As his own son were he.
Now the king his royal pleasure
To the tailor did disclose:
Take me young master's measure
For doublet and for hose.

BRANDER.

And look you! see you warn the man of stitches
To take the measure to a hair.
'Twere pity of his life I'll swear,
An there were wrinkles i' the breeches.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In silk and eke in velvet
Behold our hero dressed,
With ribbons on his doublet,
And a cross upon his breast.
Straightway he's made a minister,
And a sparkling star doth sport;
His kin, by intrigues sinister,
Are all great lords at court.

The lords and eke the ladies
Tormented are full sore.
Nor queen nor chambermaid is
From bite and sting secure.

And yet they might not track 'em,
Nor scratch 'em off they might.
We hack 'em and we crack 'em,
Whenever we feel 'em bite.

CHORUS, *jubilant.*

We hack 'em and we crack 'em,
Whenever we feel 'em bite.

FROSCH.

Bravo! bravo! that was fine!

SIEBEL.

This doom on all fleas I pronounce.

BRANDER.

Point your fingers and on them pounce!

ALTMAYER.

Long live Freedom! Long live Wine!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd gladly honour the toast, for Freedom I'm a zealot,
Were but your wines more kindly to the palate.

SIEBEL.

No more o' that, thou queasy gullet!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mine host might take't amiss, or for this toast
I'd treat this honourable party
From our own cellar, blithe and hearty.

SIEBEL.

Here with the wine! I'll answer't with the host.

FROSCH.

Give us a right good glass, our thanks shall be right ample,
But pray you, stint us not i' the sample.
If I'm to judge, brim up the bowl.
I judge best when you fill my jowl.

ALTMAYER, *in an undertone.*

They're from the Rhine, I guess.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now straightway
A gimlet here!

BRANDER.

A gimlet? What's the gimlet for?
Pray, have you got the casks there in the gateway?

ALTMAYER.

His chest of tools the host keeps here behind the door.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *takes the gimlet. To Frosch.*

What would you like to taste, now, mild or heady?

FROSCH.

What mean you? Have you such variety?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For each his taste. The choice is free.

ALTMAYER, *to Frosch.*

Aha! you start to lick your chaps already!

FROSCH.

Good, I'll have Rhenish, then, since mine the choice is.

Our heart with richest gifts the Fatherland rejoices.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*Boring a hole in the edge of the table, at the place where Frosch sits.*

Get me a little wax, to make forthwith the stoppers.

ALTMAYER.

Tut! tut! They're tricks a juggler does for coppers.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Brander.*

And you, good Sir?

BRANDER.

Champagne for me,
And bright and sparkling let it be.

[*Mephistopheles bores; meanwhile one of the company has made the wax-stoppers and inserts them in the holes.*

BRANDER.

We can't quite shun the Foreign, howe'er we may determine;
The Good is oft so far away.
Your Frenchman's poison to your true-born German,
But your French wines he'd drink all day.

SIEBEL.

[*As Mephistopheles approaches his seat.*

I must confess your sour wines I don't care for,
Give me a glass of genuine sweet wine therefore.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *boring.*

Tokay forthwith shall flow into your glass.

ALTMAYER.

Nay, Sir, now look me in the face!
I see we are your butts. You do but flout us!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such noble guests! How can you doubt us?
Flout you? Nay nay! that were too bold!
What can I serve you with? Unfold
Your choice! I pray you, make suggestion!

ALTMAYER.

With any. Stand not on the question.

After the holes are all bored and plugged,
MEPHISTOPHELES, *with mystic passes.*

Grapes doth the vine-stock bear!
Horns doth the he-goat wear!
Wine is juicy, wooden is the vine,
The wooden table too can bring forth wine.
Nature with keen insight cleave;
Here is a miracle, but believe!
Draw now the stoppers and drink your fill.

ALL.

[*Drawing out the stoppers; whereupon there flows into the glass of each the wine he had asked for.*

O noble fount, that flows at will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But take good heed, lest any drop ye spill.

[*They drink repeatedly.*

ALL *sing.*

We're jolly dogs, as drunk as logs,
And happy as five hundred hogs.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The rabble is let loose. It grows uproarious.

FAUST.

Let us be gone, I beg of thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Nay, heed them first! Now bestiality
Will be revealed in guise most glorious.

SIEBEL.

[*Drinks heedlessly; the wine is spilt on the ground and turns to flame.*
Help! Fire! Help! The flames of Hell!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *conjuring the fire.*

Peace, friendly element! Be still!
[*To the wassailers.*
This time 'twas but a drop of purgatorial fire.

SIEBEL.

What's this! Nay, wait! A lesson you require,
And marry, I'll give you one, aye, that I will!

FROSCH.

Don't dare a second time so to provoke us.

ALTMAYER.

We'd better softly bid him shog, that's clear.

SIEBEL.

What, Sir, d'ye take upon you here
To play on us your hocus-pocus?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Peace, thou old wine-tub!

SIEBEL.

Broomstick, out!
Must thou be gibing too, i' the top o' the matter?

BRANDER.

Nay, marry, wait! Like hail the blows shall patter!

ALTMAYER.

[*Draws a stopper out of the table. Fire spirts out upon him.*
I'm burning, burning!

SIEBEL.

Witchcraft! Draw!
Have at him! He's out o' the pale o' the law!
[*They draw their knives and rush upon Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *with solemn mien.*

False word and wraith of air,
Change place and sense impair!
Be here and there!
[*They stand in amaze and gaze at each other.*

ALTMAYER.

Where am I? What a beauteous land!

FROSCH.

Vineyards! See I aright?

SIEBEL.

And grapes here close at hand!

BRANDER.

Here 'neath this arbour green and shady,
See what a vine! what grapes hang ready!
[*He takes Siebel by the nose; the others seize each other in like manner and raise their knives.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, *as above.*

Loose, Error, from their eyes the band!
Mark how the Devil's jesting goes.
[*Vanishes with Faust; the wassailers draw away from each other.*

SIEBEL.

What is it?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Was that thy nose?

BRANDER, *to Siebel.*

And thine I'm clutching in my hand!

ALTMAYER.

Through every limb the shock did dart and shiver.
Give me a chair! My knees are all a-quiver!

FROSCH.

Pray, what has happened? Well, I never!

SIEBEL.

Where is the rogue? His life's in peril!
I'll stretch him dead upon the floor!

ALTMAYER.

I saw him with these eyes bestride a barrel
And ride out at the cellar-door.
My feet like lumps of lead my legs hang under.
[*Turning to the table.*
My! will the wine still flow, I wonder?

SIEBEL.

Nay, all was glamour, cheat and show.

FROSCH.

Yet I was drinking wine, I vow.

BRANDER.

But what about the grapes, then, pray you?

ALTMAYER.

And miracles are naught but old wives' stories, say you?

WITCH'S KITCHEN.

[*Upon a low hearth stands a great cauldron over the fire. In the steam that rises from the cauldron divers forms appear. A she-ape sits beside the cauldron, skims it, and watches lest it boil over. The he-ape with the whelps sits beside it, warming himself. Walls and ceiling are decked with the most fantastic implements of witchcraft.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

My gorge doth rise at this mad magic-dealing!
Dost promise I shall get me healing

In this wild waste of sorcery?
Do I need counsel from a withered beldam?
Will this foul broth my body free
From thirty years of age's thraldom?
Woe's me an thou naught better find!
My hope is stifled in this den unwholesome.
Hath Nature not, and hath no noble mind
Discovered to this use some gracious balsam?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now you talk sense again, my friend, and look!
There is a natural means, since such thou deemest apter,
Youth to restore—but in another book,
And sooth it is the oddest chapter.

FAUST.

I choose to know it!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! No money doth it need,
No leeches' aid nor aid of witches.
Betake thee to the field with speed,
Turn up the clods, and dig out ditches;
Move ever in a narrow round
Content, and tug not at thy tether;
With frugal fare keep body and soul together;
Live with the brutes as brute, and think not shame to dung
Thyself the field thou reapest. There's a truthful
And simple rule to make thee young,
And fourscore years to keep thee youthful.

FAUST.

I lack the use thereto. So low I may not grovel

To fit my hand to spade and shovel.
So cramped a life my very soul would irk!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why then, the witch must needs to work.

FAUST.

Is none but an old hag so skilled?
Canst thou not brew thyself the potion?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A pretty pastime! I could build
As soon a thousand bridges, I've a notion.
Not skill nor lore suffice to brew
The draught. There must be patience too.
A tranquil spirit works on, whilst years still lengthen.
Time only can the delicate ferment strengthen.
And wondrous strange too, sooth to say,
Are all things that belong unto it.
The Devil showed them first the way,
And yet the Devil cannot do it.
[*Perceiving the beasts.*
Lo you now! What a dainty breed!
This is the man! that is the maid!
[*To the beasts.*
Your mistress then bides not the house in?

THE BEASTS.

Gone carousing,
Out she flew
The chimney through!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And how long goes she a-gadding, marry?

THE BEASTS.

So long as our paws to warm we tarry.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What think you of the dainty beasties?

FAUST.

I think them stale as stale can be!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay now, a talk like this for me,
Above all other talk, a very feast is!
[*To the beasts.*
Tell me, accursed poppets, will ye,
What stir ye round and round i' the stew?

THE BEASTS.

We're boiling sloppy pauper-skilly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why then, your public is not few

THE HE-APE.

[*Sidles up and fawns upon Mephistopheles.*
Oh! rattle the dice,
Make me rich in a trice,
And let me be gainer!
I'm short of the trash,
And were I in cash
I were so much the saner.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How dearly would the ape now join the scramble,

And in the lottery for fortune gamble!

[*Meanwhile the ape-whelps have been playing with a large ball, which they now roll forward.*

THE HE-APE.

The world's a ball
Doth rise and fall,
As Fate doth spin it.
It rings like glass;
'Tis brittle alas!
There's nothing in it.
Here bright it seems,
Here brighter gleams;
I'm alive this minute!
My son, I say,
Keep thee away!
Death nothing hinders!
It is but clay!
'Twill fly to flinders!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whereto the sieve?

THE HE-APE *takes it down.*

Wert thou a thief
Disguise thee thou couldst not.

[*He runs to the she-ape and lets her look through.*

Look through the sieve
Dost know the thief,
Yet name him thou wouldst not!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *approaching the fire.*

And what is this pot?

HE-APE AND SHE-APE.

The simple sot!
He knows not the pot!
He knows not the kettle!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unmannerly brute!

HE-APE.

Take the whisk, and to boot
Take a seat i' the settle!
[*He constrains Mephistopheles to sit down.*

FAUST.

[*Who in the meanwhile has been standing before a mirror, now approaching it, now retiring from it.*

What see I here? What vision heavenly bright
Within this magic glass? Thy fleetest pinion
Now lend me, Love, and into her dominion
Lead thou my swift, unerring flight!
Ah! if upon this spot I bide not—fate inhuman!
If near I venture, as my heart doth list,
I see her only through a veil of mist!
The fairest vision of a woman!
Is't possible? So fair can woman be?
Or in this couchéd form see I what no man
Hath ever seen, all heaven's epitome?
Is there on earth so fair a being?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, marry! if a God six days doth toil and moil,

And cries: Well done! i' the end o' the coil,
It must be something well worth seeing.
Gaze now thy fill, and presently
I'll look thee out just such a pretty sweeting;
And happy man be his dole, say I,
Who on her lips shall press the bridegroom's greeting!

[*Faust gazes ever in the mirror. Mephistopheles, stretching himself in the settle and toying with the whisk, goes on speaking.*

Here like a king I sit upon the throne,
Sceptre in hand, and lack but the crown alone.

THE BEASTS.

[*Who hitherto have been dancing in and out with all sorts of fantastic gestures, bring Mephistopheles a crown with loud shrieks.*

Oh! be so good
With sweat and blood
As stick it together!

[*They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it into two pieces, with which they dance about.*

'Tis done, prate and see,
Hear and rhyme do we,
To the length of our tether,—

FAUST, *turned towards the mirror.*

Woe's me! I'm well-nigh sheer distraught!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *pointing to the beasts.*

Now even my tough pate reels as I listen!

THE BEASTS.

And if sense come unsought,
If we chance into thought,
Then our rhyme has its reason.

FAUST, *as above.*

What fire is kindled in my bosom!
Let us forthwith this Devil's Smithy quit!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *in the same attitude as above.*

Well, well! one merit we can't refuse 'em;
They're honest poets, we must admit.

[*The cauldron, which the she-ape has hitherto neglected, begins to boil over; a great flame bursts out and flares up the chimney. The Witch comes riding down through the flame with a fearful shriek.*

THE WITCH.

Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!
Thou curséd beast! Thou damnéd sow!
Dost let the pot boil over now?
Dost singe thy mistress? Damnéd sow!

[*Perceiving Faust and Mephistopheles.*

What have we here?
Who are ye here?
What seek ye there?
Who hath slunk thorough?
May hell-fire harrow
Your bones and marrow!

[*She dips from the cauldron with a skimming-ladle, and splashes flames towards Faust, Mephistopheles and the Beasts. The Beasts whimper.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*Turning about the whisk which he holds in his hand, and striking right and left amidst glasses and pots.*

In two! In two!
There lies the brew!
The glass lies broke!
'Tis but a joke,
Foul hag, the stroke
Thy melody to!

[*Whilst the Witch falls back, full of wrath and terror.*

Thou Scarecrow! Knowst thou me? Thou Atomy!
Dost know thy Lord and Master? Nay, what hinders
My wrath from smiting ruthlessly,
And smashing thee and thine apish sprites to flinders?
Doth the red doublet claim no more respect?
Dost thou not know again the tall cock's feather?
My features doth some mask protect?
Must I needs name me altogether?

THE WITCH.

My Liege! forgive my greeting rough!
In truth I see no horse's hoof.
Thy brace of ravens, too, where is it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well! this time we'll call it quits.
The case some leniency admits.
'Tis quite an age since my last visit.
And Culture, too, that fast licks into shape

The world at large, the Devil can't escape.
No longer now you see the Northern phantom.
Horns, tail and claws, no more I flaunt 'em.
As for the hoof, 'twould harm me with the folk.
And yet it may not well be lacking;
And so I've worn for years, like many a gay young buck,
In place of calf, a little packing.

THE WITCH, *dancing.*

I'm quite beside myself with glee
Squire Satan here again to see!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That name is now tabooed, old Dame.

THE WITCH.

Why, what's the matter with the name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This many a day 'tis written down a fable;
Yet men are nowise winners in the game.
They're rid o' the Evil One, the Evil still are able.
Sir Baron if thou call me, all is well and good.
A knight I am like others for the occasion.
Thou dost not doubt the blueness of my blood?
See here, now! such the arms are which I blazon.

[*He makes an unseemly gesture.*

THE WITCH, *laughing immoderately.*

Ha! ha! that's like you, I declare!
A rogue you are, a rogue you ever were.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

My friend, take lesson by my speeches;
That is the way to company with witches.

THE WITCH.

Now, Sirs, what is your errand, speak!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A bumper of the well-known juice we seek,
And for the oldest I am fain to trouble;
For with the years its virtues double.

THE WITCH.

Right gladly! Here now, from this bottle
Myself at times I wet my throttle,
And now no more i' the least it stinks.
I'll give you a nip with the greatest pleasure.
Whispering.
Yet if all unprepared this man the potion drinks,
Within an hour, ye wot, his sands have run their measure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He's a good friend of mine; it shall agree with him.
I grudge him not the best within thy Kitchen.
Draw now thy ring, on with thy witching,
And fill him a bumper to the brim.

THE WITCH, *with antic gestures describes a circle, and sets fantastic objects within it; meanwhile the glasses begin to tinkle, the cauldron to chime and make music. Lastly, she brings a great book, sets the apes within the circle, and makes them serve as a lectern, and hold the torches. She beckons Faust to draw near.*

FAUST, *to Mephistopheles.*

Nay, tell me now, what means this antic?
This crazy rubbish, these gestures frantic?
This stalest cheat, this tasteless stuff.
I know and hate them well enough.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A fiddlestick! Know what a joke is!
Thou'rt too straitlaced and circumspect!
As doctor, she must play her hocus-pocus,
So that the draught may have its full effect.
[*He constrains Faust to enter the circle.*

THE WITCH, *declaiming from the book in a bombastic manner.*

This must thou know!
From one make seven,
And two let go,
And three make even
Then art thou rich;
Thus saith the witch.
Now four prefix;
From five and six,
Make seven and eight.
'Tis ended straight!
And nine is one
And ten is none.
This is the witch's once-times-one.

FAUST.

The beldam raves as one distracted!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All is by no means yet enacted!
I know the book. 'Tis all in this one strain.

Myself too oft therewith have lost my leisure.
A downright contradiction doth remain
For wise men and for fools, mysterious in like measure.
The art, my friend, alike we see
Practised in far-off times and nearer,
With three and one, and one and three,
Instead of truth to scatter error.
Thus undisturbed they prate and preach,
For who with fools would make a pother?
So that the words be there, the sense men naught impeach,
For surely one can think—with words—some thought or other.

THE WITCH *continues.*

The lofty Might
Of Science quite
From all the world lies hidden.
Yet take no thought,
It comes unsought;
Ask not, it comes unbidden.

FAUST.

What balderdash doth she recite?
As though 'twould split my head is beating.
Methinks I hear in chorus, quite
A hundred thousand idiots prating.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough! enough! incomparable Sibyl!
Give here thy drink! No grudging dribble,
But fill him a bumper to the brim!
Be sure thy draught my friend here will not injure,

For faith! he's swallowed many a swinger,
All his degrees ere he could climb.

[*The Witch with many ceremonies pours out the draught into a goblet; as Faust sets it to his lips there arises a slight flame.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Down with the stingo! Toss it off!
'Twill warm the cockles of thine heart!
What! with the Devil hand and glove,
And from a little flame dost start?

[*The Witch breaks the circle. Faust steps forth.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Up and away! Thou must not rest!

THE WITCH.

And may you thrive o' the dram, fair guest!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And can I pleasure thee, thy wish be spoken
Boldly, on May-day Eve, upon the Brocken.

THE WITCH.

Here is a charm which sung at times, I trow,
Will shrewdly help along the operation.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come quickly! Some brisk occupation
Must set thee in a perspiration,
So that through every pore the potent juice may flow.
Later I'll have thee prize the *dolce far niente*,
And soon thou'lt feel, with ravishment in plenty,
How Cupid stirs, and flutters to and fro.

FAUST.

Let me but glance i' the glass that lovely form
doth swim in,
That vision of fair womanhood!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, nay! Thou'lt see the paragon of women
Before thee soon in flesh and blood.
Aside.
Thy body so this philter dwell in,
In every wench thou'lt see a Helen!

STREET.

FAUST, MARGARET *passing by.*

FAUST.

My fair young lady—bold the offer,
Yet may I my arm and escort proffer?

MARGARET.

I am not a lady, am not fair;
I can find my way home without escort, Sir.
[*Frees herself and exit.*

FAUST.

By Heaven, but this maid is fair!
I never have seen the like of her.
Modest and virtuous, through and through,
Yet with a touch of shrewdness, too.
Her flaming cheeks, her crimson lips,
I'll not forget till the world's eclipse!
How she casts down her shamefast eyes
Deep in my heart engraven lies.

What a curt answer did she fling!
Upon my soul, 'twas ravishing!

[*Enter Mephistopheles.*

FAUST.

Saw you the girl? I must possess her!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which?

FAUST.

She that passed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis she you mean?
She is but come from her confessor,
Who hath assoiled her from all sin.
Beside the chair I stole me in.
Guileless she is in deed and thought,
And went to her shrift for very naught.
I have no power over her.

FAUST.

Yet hath she seen her fourteenth year!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marry, you talk like Jack-a-loose,
Who lusts for each sweet flower that blows,
And thinks no honour is—vain fool!
Or favour, which he may not cull.
But it cannot be always done, sweet Sir!

FAUST.

My worshipful Sir Lessoner,
Spare me, I pray, your moral sermon,
And mark me! fewest words are best—

Unless this sweet young thing doth rest
This very night upon my breast,
Our pact at midnight doth determine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bethink thee what is feasible!
I need a fortnight but to smell
A meet occasion out.

FAUST.

How speedy!
Give me seven hours—so short a while!
I'd need no devil to beguile
A simple lass!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay now, already
Like a Mounseer almost you speak!
Yet let the task not irk you, pray.
What boots it to enjoy straightway?
There's far more pleasure in the freak,
If first your puppet like a paste
You knead and trim to suit your taste,
With long-drawn dilly-dalliance,
As taught in Italian love-romance.

FAUST.

I need not that to give me zest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now once for all, sans jape or jest,
I tell you, with the pretty lass
No sudden stroke you'll bring to pass.
This fort by storm will ne'er be shaken;
By stratagem it must be taken.

FAUST.

Get me a gage from my angel-love!
Lead me unto the sweet bird's nest!
Get me a kerchief from her breast!
A garter for my joy—a glove!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That thou may'st see how I remember
Our pact, to help and ease thy smart
I'll lead thee promptly, for my part,
This very day, into her chamber.

FAUST.

And shall I see her?—have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!
She to a neighbour's house will go.
In her atmosphere enfolded, though,
Of all good hope of future pleasure
Shalt meanwhile take thy fill at leisure.

FAUST.

Can we go?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis too early yet.

FAUST.

See thou a present for her get!

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents already? Bravo! So he'll find her brittle.
Full many a goodly place I know,

With treasures buried long ago.
I must refresh my memory a little.

[*Exit.*

EVENING.

[*A small and cleanly chamber. Margaret plaiting and binding the braids of her hair.*

MARGARET.

I'd give a good deal, now, to know
Who 'twas to-day that stopped me so.
Indeed he had a gallant air!
He's of a noble house, that's clear.
His face alone high birth had told,
And else he had never been so bold.

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in! Tread softly, but come in!

FAUST, *after a short silence.*

I prithee, leave me alone within.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *prying about.*

Not every girl hath her room so clean.

[*Exit.*

FAUST, *looking about him with uplifted gaze.*

Welcome, sweet twilight! thou that weavest
Thy misty veil throughout this shrine.
And thou, on the dew of hope that thirsting
livest,

Sweet pain of love, seize thou this heart of mine.
Breathéd around me, what a sense of stillness,
Of order, of contentment is!
Ah! in this poverty, what fulness,
And in this prison, what a heaven of bliss!
[*He casts himself into the leathern arm-chair, by the bed.*
Receive me, thou, that oft with open arm
The forefathers didst take, when grief confounded
Or joy did gladden. Ah! how oft a swarm
Of children blithe this father's throne surrounded!
Here, for her Christmas gift, in artless bliss,
My Love, with cheeks by childhood softly rounded,
Haply her grandsire's withered hand did kiss.
I feel thy spirit, Maiden, fill the air,
Instinct with order, banning spot and wrinkle,
Teaching thee daily with a mother's care
Neatly to spread the cloth upon the table there,
Here at thy feet the cleanly sand to sprinkle.
Dear hand, how godlike is thy worth!
Thou makest this poor cot a heaven on earth.
And here!
[*He raises a curtain of the bed.*
What rapturous thrill! Here, nothing loth,
Whole hours would I tarry. Here, enfolded
In lightsome dreams, O Nature, hast thou moulded
The angel born to fuller growth.

Here lay the child! Its tender bosom
The warmth of life clasped in its hold.
Here, as unfolds a pure, sweet blossom,
Here did the angel-form unfold.

And thou! how hast thou hither erred?
I feel mine inmost being stirred!
What wilt thou here? Thine heart what burdens so?
Unhappy Faust! No more myself I know!

Me doth some magic breath enclose?
My heart, that lust of joy did flatter,
Now in a dream of love dissolves like water.
Are we the sport of every breath that blows?

And came she in, where wouldst thou crawl?
How wouldst abye thine impious intrusion?
The great Jack Booby—oh, how small!
Would crouch before her in confusion.

[*Enter Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick, now! The lass below there I discern!

FAUST.

Away, away! I never will return!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket, pretty heavy.
I've made elsewhere a little levy.
Here in this coffer will we lay't.
I'll take my oath she'll faint with rapture.
I've put in trifles might be bait
A very different prey to capture.
True, lass is lass, and jest is jest.

FAUST.

I know not; shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou questionest?
Dost think belike to keep the treasure?
Then spare thy wanton mood, I pray,
The sweet and sunny hours o' the day,
And spare to rob me of my leisure.
Thou'rt not a miser, art thou? Nay!
I rub my hands, I scratch my noddle—
[*He puts the casket into the coffer, and presses to the hasp again.*
Away! Make haste!
That forthwith to your wish and taste
The sweet young thing you may mould and model.
You look as glum
As must you into the lecture-room;
As gray before you in flesh and blood
Physics and Metaphysics stood.
Away!

[*Exeunt.*

MARGARET *with a lamp.*

How sultry 'tis!

[*She opens the window.*

How may that be?
Indeed 'tis not so warm without.
I know not what comes over me.
I would my mother stayed not out.
There runs a shudder through my frame.
What a silly, timorous girl I am!

[*She begins to sing as she undresses.*

There was a king in Thulé
Was faithful to the grave.
Him she that loved him truly,
A gold cup dying gave.

His dead love's gift the lover
At every banquet quaffed.
Ever his eyes brimmed over,
As he drank therefrom his draught.

His sands ran out their measure ;
His royal towns he told.
He grudged his heirs no treasure,
Save but the cup of gold.

He held a royal wassail
With all his chivalry,
In the high halls of the castle
Of his fathers, by the sea.

There the old merry-maker
Drank standing life's last glow ;
Then hurled the sacred beaker
Into the flood below.

He saw it falling, drinking,
And sinking in the sea.
His eyes in death were sinking,
And never again drank he.

[*She opens the coffer to put away her clothes, and catches sight of the jewel casket.*

How came in here this lovely casket so?
I locked the coffer, that I'll vow!
Indeed 'tis strange! What's in it, I'd like to know?
Nay now, belike a pledge 'twill be
That mother for some loan doth keep.
Here on the ribbon hangs a key.
I'd dearly love to take a peep.
What is this? Holy Virgin! Look!

I've never seen aught like it! Nay!
How lovely! Why, the lady of a duke
Might wear it on a festal-day.
How would the chain suit me now? Stay!
Whose can it be, this finery?

[*She adorns herself with it, and steps in front of the mirror.*

Did but the ear-rings belong to me!
In a moment how they change your face!
What helps good looks, or what helps youth?
'Tis all very fine and good, forsooth!
But then they let it be all, alas!
They praise you—yet half with pity.
For gold all throng,
On gold all hang,
Alas! we poor—and pretty!

A WALK.

[*Faust walking to and fro, deep in thought. To him enter Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By all the love ever was slighted! By the hellish conflagration!
I would I knew aught grimmer would serve as an imprecation!

FAUST.

What ails thee? Marry, such an air
I've never seen. There's madness in it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd give myself to the Devil this very minute,
An I myself no devil were!

FAUST.

Art wrong in thine head? What means this antic?
Doth it seem thee to rage as thou wert frantic?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think! The finery for Gretchen got,
A parson has whipped me off the lot.
Her mother gets me a sight o' the thing;
Is seized with a secret shuddering!
She hath a scent like a beast of prey;
In her prayer-book sniffs and snuffles alway;
On every chattel she smells quite plain,
If the thing be sacred or profane.
The finery she but sniffs me at,
And she knows there's not much blessing in that!
My child, quoth she, ill-gotten gear
The soul ensnares, the blood doth sear!
We'll give it God's Mother—be she gracious!
With heavenly manna will she refresh us.
But Peggy draws me the wryest mouth!
'Tis a gift-horse, thinks she, and of a truth
Ungodly, I'll warrant, was not he
Who brought it hither so generously.
But the mother must needs a parson summon,
And scarce he hears the joke from the woman,
Than straightway his mouth begins to water.
Says he: That's the right spirit, my daughter.
Who overcometh, wins the crown.
A good digestion the Church doth own.
Whole lands and houses hath she eaten,
Yet never herself hath overeaten.
The Church alone, my sisters dear,
Can ever digest ill-gotten gear.

FAUST.

A universal custom! Why
A Jew or a king with the Church can vie!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So he sweeps me up chain, and ring, and ouch,
Like so many truffles, into his pouch.
He thanks no less and he thanks no more,
Than a basket of nuts he might thank 'em for.
But a heavenly guerdon he prophesied,
And he left them—highly edified.

FAUST.

And Gretchen?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sits in restless mood,
And knows not what she would or should;
Thinks day and night on jewel and gem,
Yet more on him that brought her them.

FAUST.

The dear one's grief doth pain me. Get
Forthwith, I prithee, another set.
The first was poor enough, on my word!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh yes! All is but child's play, thinks my lord.

FAUST.

Bestir thyself, and do as I say!
Make up to her neighbour, affect the civil!
And don't be a milk-and-water devil,
But get new gems without delay!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, gracious Sir, with the greatest pleasure.

[*Exit Faust.*

Such a love-sick fool with an easy grace,
To while away his sweetheart's leisure
Sun, moon and all the stars would puff you into space.

[*Exit.*

S. Here

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

[*Martha alone.*

MARTHA.

Now God 'a mercy on my dear spouse!
A scurvy game with me he's played!
Into the wide world off he goes;
Leaves me alone in my widowed bed.
Yet truly I did him no displeasure;
God wot I loved him past all measure.

[*She weeps.*

Perhaps he's dead!—O bitter fate!
If only I had a certificate!

[*Enter Margaret.*

MARGARET.

Dame Martha!

MARTHA.

Margery, what is't?

MARGARET.

I've found—Oh! how my knees are trembling!
Another casket, near resembling
The first—of ebony—in my chest,
With things as fine as fine can be,
Far richer than the first ones. See!

MARTHA.

You mustn't tell your mother, marry!
Your gems again to shrift she'd carry.

MARGARET.

Oh, do but look now! See now, do!

MARTHA, *adorning her.*

You lucky, lucky creature you!

MARGARET.

I may not wear them, more's the pity,
At church, nor i' the streets o' the city.

MARTHA.

Only do thou come often hither;
Thy finery in secret don.
Before the glass mayst walk for hours together.
We'll have our pleasure in it, and anon
We'll find some opportunity, some feast,
Where we can let folk see them, one by one at least,
A chain, then pearl-drops—mother will not see,
Or I'll throw dust in her eyes, leave that to me.

MARGARET.

Who can have brought the caskets, through what cranny
Have slipped? I'm sure it isn't canny!

[*A knock.*

MARGARET.

My mother! God! if I be seen!

MARTHA, *peeping through the door-curtain.*

'Tis a strange gentleman!—Come in!

[*Enter Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I make so bold forthwith to enter.

Pardon that I disturb your leisure.
[*Steps back respectfully on seeing Margaret.*
Dame Martha Schwerdtlein, peradventure—

MARTHA.

'Tis I, Sir. Pray you speak your pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to her in an undertone.*

I know you now, no more I crave.
What a fine visitor you have!
Pardon the liberty I've ta'en.
This afternoon I'll call again.

MARTHA, *aloud.*

The gentleman—nay, mercy me!
For a fine lady taketh thee.

MARGARET.

Indeed I'm but a poor young thing!
The gentleman's too flattering.
The finery is not mine own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis not the finery alone!
You have a piercing glance—a way—
How glad I am that I may stay!

MARTHA.

Your errand, Sir? I long to hear—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would my tidings better were!
Pray, blame not me for this sad meeting.
Your husband's dead and sends you greeting.

MARTHA.

Is dead? The trusty soul? Alack!
My husband dead? My heart will crack!

MARGARET.

Alas, dear Dame, do not despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To hear the doleful tale prepare!

MARGARET.

For this I would not choose to love,
For loss would kill my heart with sadness.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gladness must have its grief, and grief its gladness.

MARTHA.

My husband's end—tell me the way thereof.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In Padua his bones recline,
Hard by Saint Anthony his shrine,
In holy ground, like a true believer,
For his cool resting-place for ever.

MARTHA.

Have you naught else?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One thing there was he wanted—
A great and weighty matter. He commands
And prays you, have for him three hundred masses chanted.
But for the rest, I come with empty hands.

MARTHA.

What! Not a lucky-penny? Not a ring?

What every prentice-lad deep in his wallet hoards,
Though poor, as keep-sake still affords,
E'en should he starve or begging wander!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madame, your grief my heart doth wring!
Yet verily his cash he did not squander.
His failings, too, full sore he did repent;
Aye, and his cruel fate still sorer did lament.

MARGARET.

Alas! for the cruel lot of men! Sure I will pray
Full many a requiem for peace upon his spirit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Into the wedded state forthwith you merit
To enter, my sweet child.

MARGARET.

Ah, nay;
There is no thought of that at once!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a husband, then a gallant for the nonce.
Such a dear thing in one's arms—'tis even
One of the greatest gifts of Heaven!

MARGARET.

'Tis not the country's custom! Nay!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Custom or not, it happens.

MARTHA.

Pray
Go on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Beside the bed where he lay dying
I stood. 'Twas dung, or better scarce a shade—
Half-rotten straw; but a good end he made.
Indeed upon his score, as he died testifying,
A heavier scot was chalked. Nay now! he cried, how scurvy
To leave my wife i' the lurch, my trade all topsy-turvy!
Ah, could she but forgive me ere I die!
For with the thought of it my heart is riven.

MARTHA, *weeping*.

Alas, poor soul! long has he been forgiven!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet she, God knows, was more to blame than I!

MARTHA.

He lies! What, on the brink o' the grave, and lying!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He rambled, sure, as he lay dying,
If I am only half a judge.
I didn't gape my time away, I'd something better
To do, said he. First children, and then bread to get her,
And bread i' the widest sense, I had to drudge.
Yet could not eat my share in quiet for yon fretful—

MARTHA.

Of all my love and truth could he be so forgetful?
My work and worry day and night?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, but with kindly thought did them requite.
He said: Whilst Malta faded from our eyes,
For wife and bairns I prayed with ardent passion.
Heaven answered me in gracious fashion,
For of a Turkish craft we made our prize,
With treasure for the Soldan richly freighted.
Then valour had its guerdon due,
And I received my share thereof, naught bated,
As was indeed but fitting too.

MARTHA.

What is't? Where is't? Hid i' the earth he kept it
Mayhap?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows by this where the four winds have swept it?
A fine ma'am'selle took pity on him, rich
And lorn of friends in Naples as he tarried.
Tokens of love and truth she gave, the which
Your sainted husband to his death-bed carried.

MARTHA.

The scoundrel! What, his children's portion!
Could nothing, not so hard a lot
Check his loose life, not such ill-fortune?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, look you! Now he's paid the scot!
He's dead, and were I in your shoes,
For one chaste year I'd wear the willow,
And seek another spouse the while to share my pillow.

MARTHA.

Alas! to match my first, God knows,
In all the world I scarce shall find a second!
A sweeter chuck there scarce could be than mine!
His faults upon one's fingers could be reckoned:
His love of wandering, and foreign wine,
And foreign women, and those accursed dice.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well! upon the supposition
He to as much in you had shut his eyes,
You might have hit it off. With this provision,
Myself with you, I take my oath,
Would change the ring, and nothing loth.

MARTHA.

Nay now, the gentleman is merry.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside.*

Beshrew me, 'tis high time I stirred.
She'd keep the very Devil to his word!
[*To Gretchen.*
How is it with your heart, sweet fairy?

MARGARET.

How mean you, Sir?

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside.*

Thou artless, guileless child!
Aloud.
Farewell, fair dames!

MARGARET.

Farewell!

MARTHA.

Ah, could I have compiled
With how and when and where, a full averment
Of my dear spouse's death and his interment?
Order I love, and death, alas! is solemn.
I'd like to read his death i' the weekly column.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, aye, good dame, through the mouth of two
Whatever is testified must be true.
I have a fine comrade, who'll take if you crave it,
Before a justice his affidavit.
I'll bring him here.

MARTHA.

I pray you do!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will the young lady be here too?
A gallant lad—has travelled much—
All courtesy he shows to such.

MARGARET.

Before him I must needs blush scarlet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Neither for king, nor yet for varlet.

MARTHA.

In the garden behind my house, this even,
We'll await the gentlemen, at seven.

STREET.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How is't? Will't prosper? Will it speed?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah, bravo! All aflame with passion?
Gretchen is yours in speedy fashion.
This eve you'll meet—with neighbour Martha
'tis agreed—
Here at her house. There's no more arrant
Gipsy and go-between, I'll warrant

FAUST.

'Tis well!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet we the favour must requite.

FAUST.

Well one good turn—the proverb's somewhat
trite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis but in all due form to testify
Her wedded lord all stiff and stark doth lie
In Padua, in consecrated soil.

FAUST.

How shrewd! And I suppose we first must
journey yonder?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta Simplicitas! No need of such a toil!
Why must you know, to swear, I wonder?

FAUST.

If that's the best you have, your plan is torn asunder.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O saintly man! Why, here's a coil!
What, hast thou never yet been driven
To swear to what thou couldst not prove?
Of God and of the world, and all that therein move,
Of Man, his heart and mind, his anger, hatred, love,
Hast not with might and main thy definitions given,
With brazen front, unfaltering breath?
And should one sift the matter throughly,
Thou knew'st as much thereof, confess it truly,
As now thou know'st of Gaffer Schwerdtlein's death.

FAUST.

Thou art and dost abide a liar and a sophist!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Shouldst look a little deeper ere thou scoffest!
Thou in all honour wilt to-morrow
Beguile poor Gretchen to her sorrow,
And oaths of soul-felt love wilt borrow—

FAUST.

Aye, from my heart!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All very fine!
And then of faith and love eternal,

Of passion single and supernal—
Will that spring from this heart of thine?

FAUST.

Enough, it will! If I this passion,
This maelstrom of emotion try
To name, yet vainly, then Creation
From end to end I range with all my powers,
Grasp at each word that loftiest towers,
This fire within my bosom flaming,
Eternal, endless, endless naming,
Is that a devilish, juggling lie?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm right for all that!

FAUST.

Hark you, pray,
And on my lungs have pity! Wouldst thou carry
The day in wordy strife, have but a tongue, and
marry
Thou'rt right alway!
Come now, I'm sick of prating, spare thy voice!
For thou art right indeed, I have no choice.

GARDEN.

[*Margaret on Faust's arm and Martha with Mephistopheles, walking up and down.*

MARGARET.

I feel the gentleman but humours me,
But shames me by his condescension.

'Tis but a traveller's courtesy
That uses for the deed to take the intention.
Too well I know that my poor speech is such
As scarce can please one that hath seen so much.

FAUST.

One glance of thine, one word, hath dearer worth
Than all the wisdom upon earth.

[*He kisses her hand.*

MARGARET.

Nay, trouble not yourself! How can you press unto it
Your lips? It is so coarse, so rough!
No work so common but I needs must do it.
Mother is too near, sure enough!

[*They cross over.*

MARTHA.

And you, Sir, do you ever journey so?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas! where trade and duty point the finger,
Though oftentimes, how loth! there must we go,
And though we would, we may not linger.

MARTHA.

In hasty youth no boding care
Hath such a roving life, one's peace to ruffle,
But the ill days come unaware,
And lonely to one's grave a bachelor to shuffle—
There's none hath thriven on that fare.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, such a lot I contemplate with terror.

MARTHA.

Wherefore, dear Sir, amend betimes your error!
[*They cross over.*

MARGARET.

Aye, out of sight is out of mind!
Your courtesy is ready ever,
But you have store of friends, and clever,
Far cleverer than me you find.

FAUST.

Dear maid, believe me, so-called cleverness
Is oft but vanity and dull pretence.

MARGARET.

How mean you?

FAUST.

Oh! that simple innocence
Its own most holy worth may never guess!
That meekness, lowliness, the richest treasure
That kindly lavish Nature can decree—

MARGARET.

One little moment if you think of me,
To think of you, I shall have ample leisure.

FAUST.

Then you are oft alone, withal?

MARGARET.

O yes! Our household is but small,
And yet one needs must see to all.

We keep no maid, so I must sweep and cook
and cater
And knit and stitch and know no ease;
And mother is in every household matter
So hard to please!
Not that she really needs to pinch and squeeze!
We well might make a show, much more than
many!
My father left behind a pretty penny,
A little house and garden that were his
Without the town. But now my life is very
quiet.
My brother a soldier is;
My little sister's dead.
A pretty handful with the child I had,
Yet gladly would I now again be troubled
by it,
So dear to me it was!

FAUST.

An angel, if like thee!

MARGARET.

I nursed it and it loved me heartily.
Before 'twas born we saw my father sicken
And die, and mother lay so stricken
That she was given up for lost.
And slowly, step by step, she mended, but at
most
Had only strength to live, so strength had none
Herself the poor wee mite to suckle.
And so with milk and water, alone,
I reared it, and so 'twas mine, would chuckle
Upon my arm, and kicked and strove
Upon my lap, and smiled and throve.

FAUST.

The purest bliss hath surely been thy dower!

MARGARET.

Yet surely, too, full many a weary hour!
The little cradle stood at night
Beside my bed. A stir, and I would waken—
I slept so light.
And now it must have drink, and now be taken
Into my bed, now I must rise
And dandling pace the room, to hush its fretful cries;
Stand at the washtub then, betimes, with heavy eyes,
Cook, and for market too the precious moments borrow;
And so each day and each to-morrow.
Sometimes the heart will sink, Sir, yet what zest
Unto one's food it gives, and to one's rest.

[*They cross over.*

MARTHA.

Nay, we poor women are in evil case!
A bachelor to convert—'tis no light matter!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It needs but such as you—I do not flatter—
To teach me the error of my ways.

MARTHA.

Now frankly, Sir, are you not yet provided?
Is your heart still to no one's care confided?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The proverb says: Own hearth and trusty wife
Than pearls and gold more precious are in life.

MARTHA.

I mean—if you have never felt a longing?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wherever I have been, the courtesies came thronging.

MARTHA.

I spoke of love in earnest—a love you could not stifle.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One never should presume with woman's heart to trifle.

MARTHA.

Ah! You don't understand me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That grieves me, I declare!
And yet I understand—how very kind you are!
[*They cross over.*

FAUST.

Didst know me as I came into the garden,
Thou little angel, at a single look?

MARGARET.

Saw you not how mine eyes fell?

FAUST.

And dost pardon
The unpardonable liberty I took
As thou from church didst come, the shameless boldness
That thou didst check with such a maiden coldness?

MARGARET.

I was dumbfounded. That was new to me!
None could speak evil of me, yet such daring
Made me think: Ah! what boldness in my bearing,
Or what unseemly freedom doth he see?
He seemed to think—some sudden plan pursuing—
Now here's a wench will ask but little wooing.
Yet I must own, straightway there stirred in me
I know not what, that pleaded in your favour.
Yet angry with myself was I, to be
No angrier with you and your behaviour.

FAUST.

Sweet love!

MARGARET.

Stay now!
[*She pulls a marguerite, and plucks off the petals one by one.*

FAUST.

What's that? A posy, shall it be?

MARGARET.

No, it is but a game!

FAUST.

What?

MARGARET.

Nay, you'll laugh at me.
[*She plucks and murmurs.*

FAUST.

What murmurest thou?

MARGARET, *under her breath.*

He loves me—loves me not—

FAUST.

Thou Flower from Heaven's own garden-plot!

MARGARET *continues.*

Loves me—not—loves me—not—
[*Plucking off the last leaf with winsome glee.*
He loves me!

FAUST.

Aye, mine own, hold thou this flower-word
An oracle divine! *He loves thee!*
Dost understand that word—he loves thee?
[*He clasps both her hands.*

MARGARET.

A thrill runs through me!

FAUST.

O shudder not, but let this glance,
Let thou this hand-clasp say to thee
What is unspeakable.
'Tis self-surrender, 'tis to feel a rapture
Which surely is eternal!
Eternal! Aye, an end would be despair!
Nay, no end! no end!
[*Margaret presses his hands, frees herself and runs away. He stands a moment lost in thought, then follows her.*

MARTHA, *coming*.

The night is falling.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, we must away!

MARTHA.

This is a shocking place for scandal,
Else I would beg you still to stay.
You'd think no man had a tool to handle,
No trade, no labour,
Naught but to gape and stare at every step of his neighbour.
People get talked about, though reason they give none.
Where is our pretty pair?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Along the alley flitting—
Frolicsome butterflies!

MARTHA.

He seems with her quite smitten.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she with him. And so the world wags on!

A SUMMER-HOUSE.

[*Margaret runs in, hides behind the door, puts her finger-tip on her lips and peeps through the chink.*

MARGARET.

He comes!

FAUST *comes.*

Ah rogue! A very tease thou art!
Thou'rt caught!

[*He kisses her.*

MARGARET.

[*Clasping him and returning his kiss.*
Dearest of men, I love thee from mine heart!

[*Mephistopheles knocks.*

FAUST, *stamping his foot.*

Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend!

FAUST.

A beast!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We must take leave now, come!

MARTHA *comes.*

Aye, Sir, the hour is late!

FAUST.

May I not see you home?

MARGARET.

Mother would—Nay, farewell!

FAUST.

And must I go? Ah then,
Farewell!

MARTHA.

Adieu!

MARGARET.

But soon to meet again!

[*Exeunt Faust and Mephistopheles.*

MARGARET.

Dear God in Heaven! is there aught
That such a man has never thought?
I stand ashamed before his face
And falter *yes* to all he says.
What a poor untaught child am I!
I know not what he can find in me!

[*Exit.*

WOODLAND AND CAVE.

FAUST, *alone.*

Spirit sublime, didst freely give me all,
All that I prayed for. Truly not for naught
Thy countenance in fire didst turn upon me.
This glorious Nature thou didst for my kingdom give,
And power to feel it, to enjoy it. Not
A cold, astonied visit didst alone
Permit, but deep within her breast to read
As in the bosom of a friend, didst grant me.
Thou leadest past mine eyes the long array
Of living things, mak'st known to me my brethren
Within the silent copse, the air, the water.
When in the wood the tempest roars and creaks,
The giant-pine down-crashing, neighbour-branches
And neighbour-stems in hideous ruin sweeps,

While to its fall the hill rings hollow thunder,—
Then to the sheltering cave dost lead me, then
Me to myself dost show, to mine own heart
Deep and mysterious marvels are revealed.
And if before my vision the pure moon
Rises with soothing spell, from craggy cliff,
From the moist wood, float up before mine eyes
The silv'ry phantoms of a vanished age,
And temper Contemplation's joy austere.
Oh! now I feel there falls to mortals' lot
No perfect gift! Thou gavest with this rapture
Which brings me near and nearer to the Gods,
The comrade whom I now no more can spare,
Though he abases, cold and insolent,
Myself before myself, and with a word
Breathed from his mouth, thy gifts to naught he withers.
Within my heart with busy zeal he fans
A fire devouring for yon beauteous form;
And so from longing to delight I reel,
And even in delight I pine for longing.

[*Enter Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Have you not led this life for long enough?
How can it win so long approval?
'Tis well belike to put it to the proof,
But then again to something novel!

FAUST.

Would thou hadst more to busy thee!
Thou Plague, that in bright day returnest!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay now, I'll gladly let thee be!
Thou must not tell me that in earnest.

In thee as mate, ungracious, testy, mad,
In very truth, I should lose but little!
The livelong day my hands are full, and gad!
What one must leave undone, and what will glad
The gentleman, his face tells not a tittle.

FAUST.

That's the right tone! It stirs my mirth!
He bores me and must needs have thanks withal!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Without me, thou poor Son of Earth,
Through life how wouldst make shift to crawl?
Yet for a while at least I've driven forth
Thy whimwhams of imagination all,
And but for me and my poor worth
Long since thou hadst strolled off this earthly ball.
Why must thou, pray, in caverns, rocky crannies,
Mope like an owl that under ban is?
Why suck from sodden moss and dripping stone, content,
Like a cold toad, thy nourishment?
A fair, sweet sport! There sticks, I'll bet,
The Doctor in thy carcase yet!

FAUST.

Dost understand what fresh new strength to live
This sojourn in the wilderness doth give?
Nay, hadst thou but an inkling of it,
Blighted to see my bliss thy devil's heart would covet!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A joy drawn from no earthly fountains!
In night and dew to lie upon the mountains,

All earth and heaven to clasp with rapture
flooded,
To swell and swell and deem oneself a Godhead,
With boding stress to pierce earth's very marrow,
The six days' work to compass in one narrow
Bosom, in haughty strength some phantom joy
to capture,
To overflow in all anon with loving rapture,
The child of earth vanished away,
Then close the lofty intuition—
[*With a gesture.*
Nay,
I must not tell the end o' the chapter!

FAUST.

Fie on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now I've shocked you! now I've hurt you!
You have the right to voice offended virtue,
And that before chaste ears we must not mention,
Wherefrom chaste hearts nathless brook not
abstention!
Marry, I grudge you not by such evasion
To blind yourself a little on occasion.
Yet by this life you'll soon be sped!
You're overspent again already,
And should this last 'twill end in speedy
Madness, or else in fear and dread.
Enough of this! Thy Love sits yonder yearning,
Her world is grown so sad, so small!
Ever to thee her thoughts are turning,
And love of thee her heart doth thrall.
First flowed thy frenzied love with swollen
current,

As when a brook o'erflows from melted snow and rain;
Into her heart didst pour thy torrent,
And now thy brook runs dry again.
Methinks instead of throning in the forest,
'Twould better seem the noble lord
The poor young monkey to reward
For her true love, now at its sorest.
The hours drag wearily along—
She at her window watches the clouds drift by,
Over the old town-wall, across the sky.
I would I were a bird! so runs her song,
All day long, half the night long.
Now merry, mostly sad, poor dove!
Now hath wept out her tears,
Now calm, as it appears,
And ever in love!

FAUST.

Serpent! serpent!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *aside.*

I bet I'll catch thee!

FAUST.

Thou vilest reptile! Get thee hence!
Name not to me that fairest woman,
Nor yet the lust for her sweet body summon
Again to haunt my half-distracted sense!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wilt thou then? She thinks thee flown, forsooth,
And half and half thou art in truth.

FAUST.

Near her am I, and were I ne'er so far!

Forget her can I not, nor lose her ever!
envy, when her lips upon it are,
The very Body of the Lord that favour!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just so! My heart to envy oft disposes
Yon sweet twin-pair that feeds amongst the
roses.

FAUST.

Avaunt, thou pander!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! Your scorn provokes my laughter.
The God that lads and lasses made,
Sanctioned thereby the noblest trade
Likewise to make occasion, after.
Away! A piteous case! Remember
Your path leads to your sweetheart's chamber
And not belike to death!

FAUST.

Though in her arms I cull the heavenly blossom
Of bliss, and glow upon her bosom,
Still [illegible]
Outlaw
I have
I am

Wi
And

Her
Her
Her
And

It sated not my lust
To seize the craggy forehead
And dash it into dust.
Her and her peace—I needs must undermine them!
Thou Hell, to be thy victim didst design them!
The time of anguish, Devil, help to shorten,
What must be, let it quickly be!
Upon my head come crashing down her fortune,
One ruin whelm both her and me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Again it bubbles, again it glows!
Thou fool, go in and comfort her!
Where such a shallow pate no outlet knows
Straightway it thinks the end is near.
Long live, say I, the gallant heart!
Thou'rt pretty well bedevilled else—this drivel
Seems thee not. In the world there is no duller part
Than that of a despairing devil.

My weary head
Is sore distraught,
And my poor wits
With frenzy fraught.

My peace is fled,
My heart is sore ;
I shall find it never,
Ah ! nevermore.

Him only I watch for
The window anear ;
Him only I look for
When forth I fare.

His lofty gait,
His lordly guise,
The smile of his lips,
The might of his eyes,

The charméd flow
Of speech that is his,
The clasp of his hand,
And ah ! his kiss !

My peace is fled,
My heart is sore ;
I shall find it never,
Ah ! nevermore.

My bosom yearns
For him, for him,
Ah ! could I clasp him
And cling to him,

And kiss him, as fain
I would, then I,
Faint with his kisses,
Should swoon and die !

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET, FAUST.

MARGARET.

Promise me, Heinrich!

FAUST.

What I can!

MARGARET.

Tell me, how is't with thy religion, pray?
Thou art a good and kindly man,
And yet, I think, small heed thereto dost pay.

FAUST.

Enough, dear child! I love thee, thou dost feel.
For those I love, my life, my blood I'd spill,
Nor of his faith, his church, would any mar
bereave.

MARGARET.

That is not right! We must believe!

FAUST.

Must we?

MARGARET.

Ah! could I sway thee in any manner!
The Holy Sacraments thou dost not honour!

FAUST.

I honour them.

MARGARET.

Yet dost thou not hunger
To share therein. To mass, to shrift thou
goest no longer.
Dost thou believe in God?

FAUST.

What man can say, my dearest,
I believe in God?
Ask priest or sage, and what thou hearest
Prompted will seem by such a mood
As mocks the questioner.

MARGARET.

Then thou believest not?

FAUST.

Thou winsome angel-face, mishear me not!
Who can name Him?
Who thus proclaim Him:
I believe Him?
Who that hath feeling
His bosom steeling,
Can say: *I believe Him not?*
The All-embracing,
The All-sustaining,
Clasps and sustains He not
Thee, me, Himself?
Springs not the vault of Heaven above us?
Lieth not Earth firm-stablished 'neath our feet?
And with a cheerful twinkling
Climb not eternal stars the sky?
Eye into eye gaze I not upon thee?
Surgeth not all
To head and heart within thee?
And floats in endless mystery
Invisible visible around thee?
Great though it be, fill thou therefrom thine heart,
And when in the feeling wholly blest thou art,
Call it then what thou wilt!

Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
I have no name for it!
Feeling is all in all!
Name is but sound and reek,
A mist round the glow of Heaven!

MARGARET.

'Tis all very fine and good! 'Tis even
Almost what the priest doth speak,
Only in somewhat different phrases.

FAUST.

Aye, all hearts in all places
Beneath heaven's daylight say it, each
In its own speech,
And why not I in mine?

MARGARET.

It seemeth fair in these words of thine,
But yet there's something stands awry,
For thou hast no Christianity.

FAUST.

Dear child!

MARGARET.

Long have I grieved to see
That thou dost keep such company.

FAUST.

How so?

MARGARET.

That man thou hast with thee, thy mate,
Within my deepest, inmost soul I hate.
In all my life hath nothing

So stabbed my heart or filled me with such loathing
As that man's hateful countenance!

FAUST.

Sweet poppet, fear him not!

MARGARET.

His glance,
His very presence maketh my blood run chill.
To all men else I bear good-will;
I long to see thee, no maid longs sorer,
Yet that man thrills me with secret horror;
And if I must speak what's on my tongue,
He's a knave, too! Now if I do him wrong
May God forgive me!

FAUST.

Such odd fish
There must be too.

MARGARET.

I would not wish
To live with his likes! If he come but in
At the door, he hath such a mocking grin,
Yet wrathful more.
You can see that there's naught he careth for.
Upon his brow 'tis writ full clearly
He loves not a single soul. So dearly
I yield me unto thy clasping arm,
So wholly thine, with a love so warm;
Like a chill hand his presence grips my heart.

FAUST.

Foreboding angel that thou art!

MARGARET.

It overpowers me so
That whenever he comes to us, I even
Fancy I love thee no longer, and oh!
When he is there, I could not pray to Heaven!
Thou too must feel it, for thy part!

FAUST.

Nay, nay, 'tis but an antipathy!

MARGARET.

I must go now.

FAUST.

Ah! cannot ever I
Upon thy bosom hang in peace, one brief, one single
Hour, breast upon breast, and soul with soul commingle?

MARGARET.

Ah! if alone I did but sleep!
I'd leave my door on the latch to-night, but we should waken
Mother, her slumbers are not deep;
And were we thus together taken
I were dead forthwith upon the spot!

FAUST.

Thou angel! that it needeth not!
Here is a phial. Three drops if she take
Within her posset, in a deep slumber
Its kindly aid her senses will encumber.

MARGARET.

What would I not do for thy dear sake?
'Twill do her no hurt, I hope?

FAUST.

My dearest!
'Tis I advise it, and thou fearest?

MARGARET.

Dear one, thy face if I but look upon,
I know not what compels me to thy will!
So much for thee already have I done,
That almost naught to do remaineth still!

[*Exit Margaret. Enter Mephistopheles.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The monkey! Is she gone?

FAUST.

What, eavesdropping again?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I heard it, every letter on't!
Sir Doctor was put through his catechism.
I hope he'll be the bet. . on't!
The lassies are fain to know, God bless 'em,
If a man be pious and plain in the good old way.
If he knuckles there, he'll follow us too, think they.

FAUST.

To thee, thou Monster, 'tis not known
How this true, loving soul, that nurtures
One single faith supreme,
In which alone
For her salvation lies, doth suffer tortures,
That she the man she loves for ever lost must deem.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou supersensual, sensual wooer!
A green girl leads thee by the nose!

FAUST.

Thou monstrous birth of filth and fire!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And in Physiognomy what wondrous skill she shows!
She knows not in my presence what she ails!
My mask forebodes some mystery to unravel.
I am a genius at the least, she feels,—
Who knows, perhaps the very Devil!
To-night, now—

FAUST.

What is that to thee?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marry, the thought on't gladdens me!

AT THE WELL.

[*Gretchen and Lisbeth, with jugs.*

LISBETH.

Hast nothing heard of Barbara?

GRETCHEN.

Nay, not a word! I leave the house but rarely.

LISBETH.

'Twas Sibyl told me yesterday.
She's played the fool at last, and fairly!
So much for her fine airs!

GRETCHEN.

What?

LISBETH.

Pah!
Now when she eats and drinks, it's two she's feeding.

GRETCHEN.

Ah!

LISBETH.

It serves her right! A pretty tangle!
How long with the fellow did she dangle!
Out a-walking in all weather!
To village and dancing-green together!
Must have the first place everywhere!
With wine and with pasties he courts me her!
Thinks herself, please you, mighty fair!
So little she cares for her good name,
To take his presents she thinks no shame!
There's cuddling and slobbering enough,
Till he nips me the dainty blossom off!

GRETCHEN.

Poor thing!

LISBETH.

Poor thing indeed! Dost pity her?
When the likes of us a-spinning were,
When the mother o' nights let us not i' the street,
There stood she with her gallant sweet.
On the bench by the door, i' the alley dark,
No hour hung heavy for her and her spark.
So now let her hang her head, and thole
The sinner's shift and the cutty-stool.

GRETCHEN.

Of course he'll take her to be his wife?

LISBETH.

He'd be a fool! A sprightly lad
Has sport enough elsewhere egad!
He's off and away!

GRETCHEN.

But that's not fair!

LISBETH.

And if she gets him, let her beware!
The lads 'ill tear her garland off,
And we at her door will scatter chaff!

GRETCHEN, *going home.*

How could I once upbraid so well
When some poor girl in error fell!
For others' sins my tongue could find
Scarce words enough to please my mind.
Black 'twas, with black I overlaid it,
Yet black enough I never made it,
And hugged myself my virtue in,
And now myself am bare to sin.
Yet all that urged me into it
Was oh! so dear, and oh! so sweet!

THE TOWN WALL.

[*In a niche in the wall, a picture of the Mater Dolorosa, with flower-jugs before it.*

GRETCHEN *putting fresh flowers into the jugs.*

Ah, bow
Thy gracious brow,

Mother of Woes, to the woebegone!
With piercéd heart,
With bitter smart,
Thou liftest Thine eyes to Thine own dead Son.
Thou liftest Thine eyes,
Thou sendest sighs,
For Him and Thee, to the Father's throne.

Who knows
The throes
That rack mine every bone?
How my heart is wrung with anguish,
In what dread, what hope I languish,
Knowest Thou, and Thou alone!

Ever, where'er I go,
What woe, what woe, what woe
Within my breast is nursed!
When lonely watch I keep,
I weep, I weep, I weep,
My aching heart will burst.

The flower-pots at my window
I watered with tears, ah me!
As in the early morning
I broke these flowers for Thee.
The sun within my chamber
His early radiance shed,
And I, alas! as early,
Sat weeping on my bed.

From shame! from death! oh! hear my moan!
Ah, bow
Thy gracious brow,
Moth[illegible] to the woebegone!

NIGHT.

[*Street before Gretchen's door.*

VALENTINE, *a soldier, Gretchen's brother.*

When at a drinking-bout I sat,
Where oft the drinkers brag and prate,
And heard my fellows praise the flower
Of lasses all, my face afore,
And with full glass wash down the toast,—
Then on my elbow would I lean,
Sure of my warrant, sit serene,
And bide my time, and hear them boast,
Then smiling, stroke my beard, and say,
Taking the brimming glass in hand:
Well, well, let each be as she may,
But is there in the whole wide land
My own dear Gretel's peer, or who
Is fit to tie my sister's shoe?
Rap! rap! cling! clang! ran round the board,
And some would cry: 'Tis truth he speaks,
She is the pearl of all her sex!
The vaunters sat without a word.
And now! oh, I could tear my hair,
Run up sheer walls in mad despair!
With bodkin-speeches, curled-up noses,
May every scoundrel gibe that chooses!
Like a bad debtor must I sit,
At every chance-dropped word must sweat!
And though I should smash them on the spot,
Yet could I not give them the lie i' their throat!

But what comes here? What skulks along?
Two of them, an I judge not wr[illegible]

If he's one, by the scruff I'll catch him,
And dead upon the spot I'll stretch him!

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How from the window of the chancel there
Upwards the never-dying lamp doth glimmer!
Sideways is twilight, dim and ever dimmer,
Whilst darkness throngs th' encircling air.
So in my breast the shades are thronging.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm like a tom-cat sick with longing,
That on the fire-ladders slinks,
Close by the walls then softly shrinks.
Quite virtuous withal am I,
A touch of thievishness, a touch of lechery.
Already thrills my body thorough
The glorious Walpurgis-night!
We keep it on the morrow's morrow,
And well the vigil 'twill requite.

FAUST.

And will the treasure rise into the air
Meanwhile, which I see glimmering there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Full shortly shalt thou have the pleasure
To lift the pot that holds the treasure.
The other day I took a squint;
Saw splendid lion-dollars in't.

FAUST.

What! not a trinket, not a ring,
Wherewith to deck mine own dear leman?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I saw within it some such thing
As 'twere a string of pearls a-gleaming.

FAUST.

'Tis well! it hurts me, if my sweet
Without a present I must greet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It should not be [illegible]e annoyance
To get for naught a little joyance.
Mark! to a masterpiece I'll tune my tongue,
The while the stars Heaven's vault bespangle:
I'll treat her to a moral song,
Her wits the surer to entangle.

[*Sings to the cithern.*

Fie, Kate! wherefore,
Dost stand before
Thy lover's door,
All in the dawn so leaden?
Nay, nay! not so,
For in thou'lt go
A maid, I trow,
But not come out a maiden.

Heed ye aright!
Is't ended quite?
Nay, then, good-night!
Poor things, he will not linger!
Love is but brief!
To no fond thief
Be overlief,
But it be ring on finger!

VALENTINE, *coming forward.*

Whom wilt thou lure? God's element!
Damned rat-catcher! I'll stay thy laughter!
First, devil take the instrument!
And devil take the singer after!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The cithern is in twain! Its fate is past all hazard!

VALENTINE.

And now to split in twain thy mazzard!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

Sir Doctor, stand your ground now, wary!
I'll guide your hand, here at your elbow.
Come briskly, now! Out with your bilbo!
Lunge you! Let me alone to parry!

VALENTINE.

Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And why not, pray?

VALENTINE.

That too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, aye!

VALENTINE.

The Devil's in the fray!
What meaneth this? My hand grows sudden lame!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

Thrust home!

VALENTINE *falls.*

Ah, God!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now is the lubber tame!
A murd'rous outcry rises, we must vanish!
For the police I fear not, I can blunt their fang.
But the swift doom to 'scape that doth o'erhang
The bloodguilty, thyself thyself must banish.

MARTHA, *at the window.*

Out, neighbours, out!

GRETCHEN, *at the window.*

A light! a light!

MARTHA, *as above.*

They bawl and brawl, they shriek and fight!

CROWD.

There's one lies here in parlous case!

MARTHA, *coming out.*

The murderers! what, are they flown?

GRETCHEN, *coming out.*

Who is't lies here?

CROWD.

Thy mother's son!

GRETCHEN.

Almighty God! what sore distress!

VALENTINE.

I'm dying! that is quickly said,
And still more quickly done!
Ye women-folk, come here! give heed!
What boots to wail and moan?
[*All gather round him.*
My Gretchen, still but young thou art,
Nor shrewd enough. Dost play thy part
But sorrily, I doubt.
I speak in confidence withal.
Thou art a strumpet once for all,
Then be one out and out.

GRETCHEN.

My brother! God! to me you spoke?

VALENTINE.

Nay, leave our Lord God out o' the joke!
What's done is done, and there's an end!
Go as it may, it will not mend.
With one by stealth thou didst begin,
But others soon will follow in.
When one is to a dozen grown,
Then art thou common to the town.

Shame at her birth in mist is clouded;
In secret first she sees the light.
And head and ears i' the veil of night
Are eagerly enshrouded.
Nay, we would murder, and would not spare her.
But as she grows and waxes, soon
Naked she goes, i' the light o' noon,
And yet is she grown no fairer.
The loathsomer her face alway,

The more she seeks the light o' the day.
Now of a truth, I see the day
When honest folk will shrink away,
As from a corpse that breeds infection,
From thee, thou harlot, for protection.
Thine heart within thy breast shall falter,
I' their eyes to read what's written there.
No more a golden chain shalt wear!

I' the church no more shalt stand by the altar!
In fair lace-collar, with careless pleasure,
No more i' the dance shalt tread a measure!
In some dark woeful nook shalt hide thee,
With none but cripples and beggars beside thee!
And e'en though God i' the end forgive,
On Earth accurséd shalt thou live!

MARTHA.

With God thy soul be reconciling!
Wilt spend thy last breath in reviling?

VALENTINE.

Could I but come at thy withered skin,
Thou sinful, shameful go-between,
For all the sins my soul that burden,
I'd trust to find abundant pardon!

GRETCHEN.

My brother! Oh, what agony!

VALENTINE.

I tell thee, let thy weeping be!
When with thine honour thou didst part,
Gav'st me the sorest stab i' the heart.
Now through the sleep of death I go
To God, a soldier brave and true. [*Dies.*

MINSTER.

[*Service, Organ, and Choir.*

GRETCHEN *amongst many people*, EVIL SPIRIT *behind Gretchen.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

Once with what other feelings,
Gretchen, thou, still guileless,
Cam'st to the altar,
And from thy well-thumbed missal here
Thy prayers thou lispedst,
Half toys of childhood,
Half God thine heart in!
Gretchen!
Where are thy thoughts?
And in thine heart too
What a deed of sin!
Is't for thy mother's soul thou prayest, that
Through thee to long, long torment fell asleep?
Upon thy threshold whose the blood?
And 'neath thine heart already
Leaping and fluttering,
What is it anguisheth
With boding presence thee and itself?

GRETCHEN.

Woe! woe!
Would I could free me of the thoughts
That to and fro within my bosom throng
Despite me!

CHOIR.

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla.

[*Organ.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

Wrath takes thee!
The great trump sounds!
The graves are heaving!
And thine heart
From ashen rest
To flaming torments
Now again created,
Quakes up!

GRETCHEN.

Would I were forth!
I feel as did the organ here
Stifle my breathing,
The song mine heart
Did melt to water!

CHOIR.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit.
Nil inultum remanebit.

GRETCHEN.

I cannot breathe!
The massy columns
Imprison me!
The vaulted arches
Crush me!—Air!

EVIL SPIRIT.

Hide thee! Sin and shame
Abide not hidden!
Air? Light?
Woe's thee!

CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

EVIL SPIRIT.

From thee their faces
The Glorified avert!
To thee to stretch their hands out
Shudder the Stainless!
Woe!

CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

GRETCHEN.

Neighbour! Your smelling-salts!

[*She falls into a swoon.*

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

(*Mayday-eve.*)

[*The Harz Mountains, in the neighbourhood of Schierke and Elend.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wouldst not be fain a broomstick to bestraddle?
Upon this road the goal is far, I would
A sturdy he-goat bare me in the saddle.

FAUST.

While on my legs I'm fresh, this knotted staddle

Is all-sufficing to my mood.
What boots to shorten thus the road?
To steal along the labyrinth of valleys,
And then the cliff, whose rocky chalice
Pours forth the ever-bubbling spring, to climb—
Such toil gives to these paths a zest sublime.
Spring is already busy in the birches;
The very firs already feel her touch!
What wonder if the thrill our own limbs searches?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marry, I feel no trace of such!
Within my body Winter reigneth.
Upon my path I'd wish for frost and snow.
How drearily the blood-red moon now deigneth
To lift her dwindling disk with tardy glow!
So dim the light, on cliff and tree we blunder
At every step, within the gloomy glade.
By your good leave! There blazeth merrily yonder
A will-o'-the-wisp; I'll bid him to our aid.
Ho, there! my friend, a word! Come hither with thee!
Why wilt thou flare for naught, I prithee?
Pray be so good as light us up the hill.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

By reverence my nature may be steadied
I hope, yet is it but light-headed.
Our course is wont to go but zigzag still.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dost think to ape mankind, thou giddy flame?
See thou go straight, a' devil's name,
Else will I blow thy flickering candle out.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

Nay, you're the master o' the house, I doubt.
Gladly I'll make your will my pleasure.
Bethink you, though, the mount is magic-mad
to-day,
And if a will-o'-the-wisp must lead you on your
way,
You must not use too nice a measure.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and* WILL-O'-THE-WISP
in alternate song.

In the realm of dreams and glamour,
As it seems, we now are entered.
Lead us truly through the clamour
Thither, where our aims are centred,
Through the waste and womby spaces.

Lo now! lo! how swiftly races
Tree past tree! How the gigantic
Crags lean over, and the antic
Rocky snouts that stand in cluster,
How they snort and how they bluster!

Through the stones and turf what lustre!
Stream and streamlet downward springing.
Hark! 'tis murmurs! Hark! 'tis singing!
Hark! 'tis love-plaints, sweet and olden,
Voices from yon days all golden!
All our hope and love and longing!
Echo, too, like tales once told in
Far-off times comes faintly ringing.

Whoo-hoo! shoo-hoo! nearer hover
Cry of screech-owl, jay and plover.
Do they all keep vigil thronging?

Is't the salamander brushes
Fat-paunch, long-legs, through the bushes ?
And the roots like serpents writhe and
Wriggle forth from sand and rifted
Rock, and wave long fingers lithe and
Weird to scare and snare, and gifted
With a monstrous life malicious,
Knots and gnarls like devil-fishes
Stretch out tentacles to take us;
And the mice troop on together
Myriad-hued through moss and heather
And the fireflies in a hazy
Swarm about us weave their mazy
Morrice till our wits forsake us.

Nay, but tell me ! are we biding
Still, or are we onward riding ?
Cliffs and grinning trees are sliding,
Will-o'-the-wisps—their number doubles,
Blown up like transparent bubbles—
All in giddy wheels are gliding.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come now ! grasp my mantle cheerly !
Here a midpeak stands, and clearly
To our gaze astonied shows
In the mount how Mammon glows !

FAUST.

How weirdly glimmers like a dismal
Dawn the red glow through the dales !
And e'en to penetrate the abysmal
Depths the lambent light avails.
Here rises reek, there hover vapours,
Through mist and haze the glow doth gleam.

Here to a slender thread it tapers,
Here gushes forth, a living stream.
Here for a space it weaves a tangle
Of myriad veins through all the dell ;
And there within the crowded angle
They all unite with sudden spell.
There sputter sparks, as from a fountain
That sprinkles golden sand, and lo !
The beetling cliffs that fringe the mountain
From base to brink are all aglow !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lord Mammon for this feast his palace
With lavish splendour lights. Dost mark ?
Thou'rt happy to have seen it ! Hark !
The boisterous crew swift to the banquet rallies.

FAUST.

How through the air the wind doth howl and hiss,
And with what buffets beats upon my shoulders!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Clasp thou the cliff's old ribs ! Cling to the boulders !
Else will it hurl thee headlong into the deep abyss !
The night is thick with rack.
Hark how the groaning woods do crack !
Startled flutters up the solemn
Owl, and splinters column on column
In the evergreen halls, and ever
The branches crackle and shiver,
The stems make a mighty moaning,
The roots are gaping and groaning,

And all crash down in a hideous tangle
One on another, and choke and strangle
With their wrack the wild abysses,
And through them howls and hisses
The storm-wind. Hear'st thou voices o'er us
Far and near that sing in chorus?
All the magic-mount along
Wildly streams the wizard-song.

WITCHES IN CHORUS.

The witches to the Brocken sail,
The shoot is green, the stubble is pale.
There the rabble musters thick,
And high above them thrones Old Nick.
On we fare o'er stock and stone,
The he-goat stinks and ——s the crone.

VOICE.

Old Baubo comes, with none she pairs,
Alone on a farrowed sow she fares.

CHORUS.

Then honour be where honour's due
In front, Dame Baubo, lead the crew!
A beldam on a sow, and hollo!
All the warlock-throng will follow.

VOICE.

Which way comest thou here?

VOICE.

Over the Ilsensteep.
I' the owlet's nest I took a peep.
She had eyes like moons!

VOICE.

To Hell with a wanion!
Why so hot-foot, thou ronyon?

VOICE.

She hath well-nigh flayed me!
See the wounds she hath made me!

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The road is wide, the road is long,
Was ever such a Bedlam throng?
The broom doth scratch, the fork doth poke,
The dam doth burst, the brat doth choke.

SEMI-CHORUS OF WARLOCKS.

Like the house-bound snail we crawl,
Far ahead are the women all.
When to the Devil's house we speed,
By a thousand steps the women lead.

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS OF WARLOCKS.

Such nice distinction we not make.
A thousand steps doth Woman take,
But hurry as she hurry can,
With a single bound o'ertakes her Man.

VOICE *above.*

Come with us, come, fro' the Felsenmere!

VOICES *from below.*

We would climb with you the mountain sheer;
We wash and are white as white can be,
Yet barren, ever barren are we.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is hushed, the stars are dead,
The misty moon doth hide her head ;
The wizard rout that hurtles by
Sheds ruddy sparks athwart the sky.

VOICE *from below.*

Halt! ah, halt! ye swarm uncanny!

VOICE *from above.*

Who calls from out the rocky cranny?

VOICE *below.*

Take me with you! Take me up!
Three hundred years I've clambered zealous,
And yet I cannot reach the top.
Fain would I be beside my fellows!

BOTH CHORUSES.

The broomstick bears and bears the stock,
The stovefork bears and bears the buck.
He who cannot rise to-day
Is lost for ever and lost for aye.

HALF-WITCH *below.*

So long I hobble on behind,
The others pass me like the wind.
At home I know nor peace nor rest,
Nor find them in this weary quest.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The salve puts heart in every hag,
For sail she hoists a fluttering rag,
A trough is a boat all trim and tight,
Fly not at all, or fly to-night!

BOTH CHORUSES.

And when we sail the summit round,
Flit ye, float ye, o'er the ground,
That far and wide the heath may be
Hid 'neath the swarm of warlockry.
[*They alight on the ground.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They thrust and throng, they rush and clatter,
They whirl and whistle, stream and chatter,
They glitter, sputter, stink and burn,
The very air to hags doth turn!
Keep close, or we are parted. Whither art thou borne?

FAUST, *in the distance.*

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! so far? Nay then, to save disaster
I must assert my right as master.
Room, ho! Squire Clootie comes! Room! ye sweet rabble! room!
Here, Doctor, seize my mantle now, and come!
One bound will take us out o' the hurly-burly.
E'en for my taste this is too mad, and surely
There gleameth something yonder with a peculiar glow.
To yonder bushes draws me this same ferlie.
Come, come, my friend, let us slip through.

FAUST.

Thou Spirit of Contradiction! Nay then, be my pilot.
And yet how shrewd, to the Brocken thus to fare

On a Walpurgis-night, then seek, once there,
Wilful seclusion in some narrow islet!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See yon gay flames that light the heather.
A merry club is got together;
We're not alone in a coterie.

FAUST.

Up yonder though I'd rather be!
The smoke with lurid splendour lit
Rolls on. The crowd streams to the Devil.
What riddles there one might unravel!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, and what riddles will be knit!
Let the great world roll on in riot,
Here will we harbour us in quiet.
'Tis a time-honoured custom so
In the great world to fashion smaller worlds, you know.
There fair young witches prank in naked state,
Whilst beldams shrewdly veil their treasure.
Be affable—do me that pleasure!
The trouble is small—the sport is great.
I hear a tuning of instruments. The deuce to't!
Accurséd twang! Well, well, we must get used to't.
Come with me, come! Nay, I'll not be denied!
I'll introduce thee, I will be thy guide.
Of gratitude I'll fill thee up a brimmer.
That is no niggard space—what say'st thou, friend?
Just glance along! Scarce canst thou see the end!
There, all arow, a hundred bale-fires glimmer.

They dance, they chat, they cook, they drink, they love.
Tell me now, where is aught above
A scene like this, aught better or aught bigger?

FAUST.

As sorcerer or as devil wilt thou figure
To gain us welcome here?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marry, it is my way
To go incognito, but on a gala-day
One may display one's orders. True
No Garter graces me, but here the horse-hoof too
Is honourable wear. See where yon snail comes creeping.
She with her groping face hath nosed
Some inkling of my secret out. Its keeping
Were hopeless here, e'en were I so disposed.
Come now, of all the fires we'll make the tour.
I am the wooer's man—thou art the wooer.
[*To divers who are sitting about fading embers.*
Old gentlemen, what do ye here aloof?
There, where the throng is thickest, there had I rather found you,
There, where the rush and crush of youth surround you.
At home is every man alone enough.

GENERAL.

What man can set his trust in nations!
No matter what his services, forsooth!
'Twas ever thus! The mob's ovations,
Like women's favours, are bestowed on youth.

MINISTER.

From the right path too far we're strayed.
The good old times and ways for ever!
For when our word was law, or never,—
Then was the age of gold indeed.

PARVENU.

We weren't fools, and oft, I'll own,
We did in those days what we shouldn't;
But now the world is turning upside-down,
And that precisely when we wish it wouldn't.

AUTHOR.

A work that has a single grain of sense
They simply will not read, and naught 'll make 'em.
And the young folk, confound their impudence!
They've never been so malapert, plague take 'em!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *suddenly appearing very old.*

For Doomsday ripe I feel the people is
When up the wizard-mount for the last time I clamber,
And think the world is on the lees,
Because my little cask no more runs clear as amber.

HUCKSTER-WITCH.

Good Masters, pray you, pass not by!
Let not the chance slip through your fingers!
Who by my wares attentive lingers
The oddest medley here will spy.
Yet in my booth—there's not its fellow
On earth—nor in it will you find
One gewgaw but foul wrong doth hallow,

Wrought on the world and on mankind;
No dagger but hath dripped with blood; no chalice
But from its Judas-lips into the healthy frame—
The guilty tool of treacherous malice—
Hath poured the poison's slow-consuming flame;
No jewel but to shame beguiled some winsome woman;
No sword that hath not foully stabbed i' the back the foeman.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, thou dost read the times but badly, Gammer.
For done is past, and past is done!
Only for novelties we clamour,
Shouldst lay in novelties alone.

FAUST.

That *is* a Fair! I'm taking speedy
Leave o' my senses!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All the eddy
Sways and swirls, still upwards moving.
Thyself art shoved that thinkest thou art shoving.

FAUST.

Speak! What is that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Look at her narrowly!
'Tis Lilith!

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife is she.
Have thou a care before her beauteous tresses,
The sole adornment she doth deign to wear!
The young man whom she taketh in their snare,
Not lightly doth she loose from her caresses.

FAUST.

Yonder sit twain, a quean beside a beldam.
They leapt right lustily.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, seldom
The rout to-day hath need of rest.
A new dance is afoot—we'll trip it with the best.

FAUST, *dancing with the young witch.*

Once on a time there came to me
A fair dream of an apple-tree,
Whereon two beauteous apples shone.
They tempted me—I clomb thereon.

THE FAIR ONE.

For apples did you ever lust
From Paradise ere you were thrust,
And I am overjoyed to know
That such within my garden grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *with the old witch.*

Once on a time there came to me
A foul dream of a cloven tree,
Wherein——————
——though it was, it liked me well.

THE OLD WITCH.

I tender here my best salute
Unto the Knight o' the Horse's Foot.
Let him a————prepare,
If him————doth not scare.

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

What take ye on yourselves, you curséd train?
Have we not proved past all disputing
That ghosts stand never on a proper footing?
And yet you're dancing now, just like us men.

THE FAIR ONE, *dancing*.

Why at our ball doth he appear?

FAUST, *dancing*.

Why, bless your heart, he's everywhere!
He needs must criticize, no matter
Who dances. Can he not bechatter
Each step, it is as had that step not been.
When we go forwards, most we move his spleen.
If in a ring to turn you were contented,
As he goes round and round in his old mill,
Then you'd be sure of his good-will,
Especially if to all he twaddled, you assented.

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

Are you still there? Well, well! Was ever
such a thing?
Pack off, now! Don't you know we've been
enlightening?
This crew of devils by no rule is daunted.
We're mighty wise, but Tegel still is haunted.
I've swept, and swept, and swept, at this vain
fancying,

Yet cannot sweep it clean! Was ever such a thing?

THE FAIR ONE.

Then pray relieve us of your tedious visit!

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

I tell you spirits to your face,
Of spirit-tyranny I'll have no trace.
My spirit cannot exercise it.

[*The dancing continues.*

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

Alas! to-day 'tis useless, now I know it.
At least I'll take a journey with them, though.
And still I hope, ere my last step, to show
My mastery alike o'er devil and poet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To seek relief, as usual in a puddle
He'll seat himself, and when the leeches feast
Upon his rump, from all his brains that muddle,
From phantoms and from fancy he's released.

[*To Faust, who has left the dance.*

Why hast thou let the beauteous maiden from thee,
That while ye danced so sweetly sang?

FAUST.

Ah! even as she sang, there sprang
A small red mouse from her lips of coral.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A mighty matter! Thou'rt too squeamish! Nay,
Thank thy good stars it was not grey!

When love is kind, who with such toys would quarrel?

FAUST.

Then saw I——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, look! Turn thou thy face!
A pale, fair girl, alone, afar that bideth.
But slowly doth she shift her place;
With gyvéd feet meseems she glideth.
I must confess, it seems to me,
That like the loving Gretchen she.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No more o' that! It worketh naught but scathe.
'Tis glamour—show! 'Tis lifeless! 'Tis a wraith!
Who meets it, falls beneath a ban.
Its chilling stare doth chill the blood of man,
And almost he is turned to stone.
To thee Medusa cannot be unknown.

FAUST.

Those are the eyes of Death! Not softly shielded
By loving hands within their lids they lie!
That is the breast that Gretchen to me yielded,
That the sweet body that I did enjoy!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis sorcery, thou lightly-cozened fool!
Like his own love she seems to every soul.

FAUST.

What ecstasy! Yet ah! what anguish!
I needs must gaze, yet gazing languish.
How strange, that there should run, as 'twere
In width a knife's-back, round that tender
Snow-white neck, one single, slender
Thread of scarlet!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, 'tis there!
Her head beneath her arm may'st yet behold her,
For Perseus lopped it from her shoulder.
Still for illusion longs thy soul?
Come, climb with me this grassy knoll!
'Tis as merry here as in the Prater;
And look! an there be no cantrip in't
Here players for our pleasure cater.
What is the piece?

SERVIBILIS.

We're just about to begin't.
A brand-new piece—'tis the last piece of seven.
That is the custom here, so many and so few.
A dilettante wrote it. Even
The players are dilettanti too.
Excuse my vanishing. I too am a dilettante,
And my pet branch of art is pulling up the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What, even the Blocksberg summits haunt ye?
Nay, that is well! There ye belong, that's certain.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM,

OR

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

Intermezzo

STAGE MANAGER

We may take a rest to-day,
Ye sturdy sons of Mieding.
Misty vale and mountain grey
Are all the scene we're needing.

HERALD.

Golden the wedding after years
Of wedlock fifty holden,
But that which ends the strife appears
To me the better golden.

OBERON.

Are ye spirits hovering nigh,
Then come when ye are cited.
King and Queen with loving tie
Are once again united.

PUCK.

Up comes Puck and twirls amain
And slides his foot in measure.
Hundreds follow in his train
To share with him the pleasure.

ARIEL.

Ariel doth move the song
And heavenly sweet his lute is.
Many guys he draws a[illegible]
But also draws the beau[illegible]

OBERON.

Spouses who would live in peace
Learn from us the lesson ;
When to love a couple cease
Just part them for a season.

TITANIA.

Hath he the sulks, the vapours she,
Seize me each wedded traitor !
Lead me him to the Polar Sea,
And her to the Equator.

ORCHESTRA, TUTTI, *fortissimo.*

Snout of fly, mosquito-bill,
With kin of all conditions,
Croaking frog and cricket shrill,
These are the musicians.

SOLO.

Lo ! the bagpipes ! and the sack
Is a bubble blown up.
Hear the snecker-snicker-snack
Through his snub-nose drone up.

SPIRIT IN PROCESS OF FORMATION.

Spider's claw and belly of toad
And wee, wee wings unto 'em !
If not a wee, wee beast, at least
'Twill be a wee, wee poem !

A LITTLE COUPLE.

Mincing step and lofty leap
Through honey-dew and fragrance.
Marry, daintily ye trip,
Yet soar ye not, sweet vagrants !

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Is this not Lenten-mummery?
Refuse mine eyes their duty?
Or Oberon do I really see,
The god in all his beauty?

ORTHODOX.

Nay now, he hath no claws, and eke
He hath no tail, but cavil
The case admits not, like the Greek
Gods he too is a devil.

NORTHERN ARTIST.

Sketchy in these northern climes
I feel my grasp of art is.
But for Italy betimes
My firm resolve to start is.

PURIST.

My misfortune brings me here!
All decency they're mocking!
And of all the crew, dear! dear!
But two are powdered! Shocking!

YOUNG WITCH.

Powder is like the petticoat
For an old and grizzled goody.
So I sit naked on my goat
And show a lusty body.

MATRON.

Far too much good-breeding we
To rail with you have gotten;
Yet young and tender though ye be,
I hope to see you rotten!

CONDUCTOR.

Snout of fly, mosquito-bill,
Leave ye the naked witch there!
Croaking frog and cricket shrill,
Pray you, keep time and pitch there!

WEATHERCOCK *in the one direction.*

Such company as heart can wish,
Just maidens ripe for marriage!
And bachelors of promise, such
As envy can't disparage!

WEATHERCOCK *in the other direction.*

And doth the earth not yawn and gape
To swallow all this rabble,
Then straightway into Hell I'll leap
As quickly as I'm able!

XENIA.

With scissors small to nip and gnaw
As insects we come flitting,
Satan, our worshipful papa,
To honour as is fitting.

HENNINGS.

In a thronging swarm they flit
And jest in manner artless.
I' the end we'll have them saying yet
They really are not heartless!

MUSAGETES.

To mingle with this witches' rout
My fancy gladly chooses,
For these I could mislead no doubt
More easily than the Muses!

Ci-devant GENIUS OF THE TIMES.

Come, seize my robe ; with proper folk
Much honour one amasses ;
The Blocksberg hath a fair broad yoke
As hath our Dutch Parnassus.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Say, who stalks yonder ? Prouder than
A turkey-cock he swells out.
He snuffles all he snuffle can,—
'Tis Jesuits he smells out.

CRANE.

In the clear I fish full fain
And eke in troubled waters,
And so you see the pious man
With devils too foregathers.

CHILD OF THE WORLD.

Aye, marry, for the pious all
Is a means of edification.
And on the Blocksberg they instal
Full many a congregation.

DANCERS.

There's a new chorus, I'll engage !
I hear a distant drumming.
Nay, 'tis the bitterns in the sedge
Monotonously booming.

BALLET-MASTER.

How each one lifts a leg i' the dance,
This peasant-like, that duke-like.
The buxom hop, the crooked prance,
Nor care they what they look like.

FIDDLER.

Tag-rag-and-bobtail! how they hate
And fain each other would do for.
What Orpheus' lyre for the beasts did, that
The bagpipes doth this crew for.

DOGMATIST.

I never will be silenced more
By doubts nor yet by cavils.
The Devil must be something, or
Pray how could there be devils?

IDEALIST.

Fancy too imperiously
Doth sway me. Hoity-toity!
If everything I see is me,
To-day I must be doity!

REALIST.

That which is, is torture, and
Me on the rack 'tis putting!
For the first time here I stand
On an uncertain footing.

SUPERNATURALIST.

Gladly I join this jovial crew
And share with joy their revels,
For that there are good spirits too
I argue from the devils.

SCEPTIC.

They think them near the treasure, when
They track the flamelet flitting.
With *devil* rhymes but *cavil*, then
My presence here is fitting.

CONDUCTOR.

Croaking frog and cricket shrill,
Plague on ye, dilettanti!
Snout of fly, mosquito-bill,
Musicians sure ye vaunt ye!

SKILFUL TRIMMERS.

Sanssouci we're called—just see
Each merry little creature!
On our heads we go, since we
No more are on our feet sure.

THE HELPLESS.

At court we licked the platter clean,
I' the dance we had a rare foot.
We've danced our shoes through to the skin,
God help us—we go barefoot!

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

From the bog we come, whence we
First rose as ragged callants,
And yet in rows we're here to see
A train of brilliant gallants.

SHOOTING-STAR.

Hither from the zenith I
Did glance, a gleaming meteor.
All of a heap i' the grass I lie,—
Who'll help me to my feet here?

HEAVY-WEIGHTS.

Room and room and room all round!
Down the grasses trample!
Spirits come—yet shake the ground
With massy limbs and ample.

PUCK.

Tread ye not so cumbrously
Like elephants with turrets,
And the heaviest this day be
Puck, the lob of spirits.

ARIEL.

If boon Nature gave ye wings,
If wings your mind uncloses,
Follow my airy wanderings
Up to the hill of roses.

ORCHESTRA, *pianissimo.*

Misty veil and cloud-wreath flush
By dawn illuminated.
Breeze in leaf and wind in rush
And all is dissipated!

A GLOOMY DAY.

Open Country.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery! Despairing! Long a piteous wanderer on the face of the Earth, and now a captive! Shut up in a felon's cell! abandoned to appalling torments—that sweet, that ill-starred creature! To that depth! to that depth! Thou false Spirit! thou vile Spirit! this hast thou hidden from me! Aye, stand now! stand! Roll thy devil's eyes wrathfully round in thine head! Stand and beard me with thy

loathsome presence! A captive! In irretrievable misery! Abandoned to evil spirits and to the pitiless justice of mortals! And me thou lullest meanwhile in the most tasteless dissipations! her growing wretchedness thou hidest from me, and lettest her perish unaided!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first!

FAUST.

Thou hound! Thou hideous monster! Change him, thou Infinite Spirit! change the worm again into his currish form, as oft in the hours of night it was his whim to trot before me, to roll at the feet of the harmless wayfarer, and as he fell to fasten upon his shoulders. Change him again into his favourite semblance, that he may grovel on his belly in the sand before me, that I may trample him underfoot, the caitiff! Not the first! Woe! Woe! Such woe as the soul of man cannot conceive of! that more than one creature hath been whelmed in the depths of this misery, that the first atoned not in its wrestling death-agony for the guilt of all the others in the eyes of Eternal Forgiveness! It racks me through life and marrow, the misery of this single one; thou grinnest coldly over the fate of thousands!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now we are again already at our wits' end, where you mortals lightly slip over into madness. Why dost thou seek community with us if thou canst not carry it through? Wilt thou fly, and

art not proof against giddiness? Did we thrust ourselves upon thee or thou thyself upon us?

FAUST.

Bare not thus thy wolfish fangs upon me! My gorge rises at it! Thou great and glorious Spirit, thou that didst vouchsafe to appear to me, thou that readest mine heart and soul within me, why hast thou shackled me to this infamous comrade, that battens on mischief, that drinks destruction as a refreshing draught?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast thou done?

FAUST.

Deliver her, or woe betide thee! The most hideous curse be upon thee for thousands of years!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loosen the bonds of the Avenger! I cannot shoot back his bolts! Deliver her? Who was it plunged her into ruin, I or thou?

[*Faust glances around him furiously.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dost clutch at the thunderbolt? Well that it was not given to you pitiful mortals! To smash to pieces the innocent that crosses his path, that is your true tyrant's way of giving his fury a vent in perplexities.

FAUST.

Bring me to her! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the risk that thou wilt run? Know that still there lieth blood-guilt upon the town from thine hand. Over the place of the slain hover avenging spirits, lying in wait for the returning murderer.

FAUST.

That too from thee! Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Lead me thither, I tell thee, and set her free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will lead thee, and what I can do, hear thou! Have I all power in Heaven and on Earth? I will becloud her gaoler's senses; do thou possess thee of the keys, and lead her forth with the hand of man. I will keep watch! The magic horses are ready and I will bear ye away! So much I can do.

FAUST.

Up and away!

NIGHT.

Open country.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *storming past on black horses.*

FAUST.

What do they weave round the raven-stone?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not what they are brewing and doing.

FAUST.

Ascending, descending, bowing and bending!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A witches' guild.

FAUST.

They pour a libation, a consecration
They make!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Away! Away!

DUNGEON.

FAUST *with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket.*

There seizes me a long unwonted shudder;
The woes of all mankind upon me throng.
Here, in these foul, dank walls, have they immewed her,
And a fond dream was all she wrought of wrong!
And dost thou flinch to her to go?
Dost fear to look upon her woe?
Away! thy faltering lingers death along.
[*He seizes the lock. Singing is heard within.*

My mother, the wanton,
She did me to death!
My father, the villain,
He eaten me hath!
My bones one and all,
My sister small
I' the cool did lay;

Then I turned to a beautiful woodland-bird!
Fly away, fly away!

FAUST, *unlocking the door.*

She doth not dream her lover list'neth near,
The clanking chains, the rustling straw can hear.
[*He goes in.*

MARGARET, *cowering upon her pallet.*

Woe! woe! they come. O bitter death!

FAUST, *softly.*

Hush! hush! I come to free thee, dearest one.

MARGARET, *grovelling at his feet.*

Have pity, if thou'rt man, and liv'st by breath.

FAUST.

Thou'lt shriek thy warders from their drowsy swoon!
[*He lays hold of the chains to unlock them.*

MARGARET, *on her knees.*

Nay, Headsman, whence hast thou this right?
Whence didst thou power receive
To lead me forth at dead of night?
Have pity! Let me live!
Wait till the matin-bell hath rung!
[*She rises to her feet.*
Alas! I am still so young, so young,
And now to death am going.
Fair was I too, and that was mine undoing.
Near was my love, now is he far;
Rent is the wreath, the blossoms scattered are.
Lay not such violent hands on me!

Spare me! What have I done to thee?
Be not deaf to my pleading tongue,
I've never seen thee my whole life long!

FAUST.

Shall I ever outlive this woe?

MARGARET.

I am thine; now do what thou needs must do.
But let me first give suck to the child!
I fondled it the whole night through;
They took it from me to drive me wild,
And now they say my babe I slew,
And never again shall I be glad.
The folk sing ballads at me! they have no pity!
An old, old fairy-tale such ending had;
Why taunt they me with the ditty?

FAUST *casts himself down.*

A lover at thy feet doth kneel,
Thy piteous bondage to unseal.

MARGARET *casts herself down beside him.*

O let us kneel, the holy saints adoring!
See! under the flooring,
The threshold under,
Hell seethes in thunder!
Satan,
With din appalling,
Doth rage and threaten!

FAUST, *in a loud voice.*

Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET, *listening attentively.*

That was my dear one calling!
[*She springs to her feet; the chains fall off.*
Where is he? Nay, but I heard him call me.
I am free! and none shall thrall me!
To his neck will I fly,
On his bosom lie!
Gretchen! he cried, from the door of my cell!
Not all the wailing and gnashing of Hell,
Not all the hideous, devilish jeers,
Could drown the dear accents that gladdened mine ears.

FAUST.

'Tis I!

MARGARET.

'Tis thou! O, say it yet again!
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Where now is all the pain?
Where is the dungeon's, where the fetters' agony?
'Tis thou! Thou comest to set me free!
I am free!—
Already I see again the street
Where thou and I for the first time did meet,
And the garden gaily blooming,
Where I and Martha waited oft thy coming.

FAUST, *urging her to go.*

Come with me! Come!

MARGARET.

O tarry!
I tarry so blithely where thou dost tarry.
[*Caressing him.*

FAUST.

Hurry!
Unless thou hurry,
Sore we shall rue our loit'ring, sore!

MARGARET.

What, and canst thou kiss no more?
My love, so short a while a-missing
And hast unlearned thy kissing?
Why hang I upon thy neck with heavy soul?
Once at a word, at a glance, at a trifle,
A very heaven o'er me stole,
And thou didst kiss, as my breath thou wouldst stifle.
Kiss thou me!
Or I kiss thee!

[*She embraces him.*

Alas! for thy lips are mute,
Are chill.
Where is thy loving
A-roving?
Who wrought me this ill?

[*She turns away from him.*

FAUST.

Come! Follow me! Dear heart, but now be bold!
And I will fondle thee with passion thousandfold;
But follow me! This one entreaty heed!

MARGARET, *turning to him.*

And is it thou? And is it thou indeed?

FAUST.

Tis I! Come with me!

MARGARET.

Wilt thou loose my chain?
And wilt thou take me to thine heart again?
I marvel thou canst see me and not shrink.
Thou knowest not whom thou wouldst free, I think!

FAUST.

Come! come! deep night doth swiftly wane.

MARGARET.

My mother have I foully slain,
My babe I've drownéd deep.
'Twas given thee and me to keep.
Thee too!—'Tis thou, though false it seem!
Give me thine hand! It is no dream!
Thy dear, dear hand! Ah God! but it is wet!
Wipe it off! 'Tis dripping yet.
There's blood on it!
Dear God in Heaven! what hast thou done?
Put up thy blade,
I prithee, in its sheath!

FAUST.

Let the dead past bury its dead!
Each word to me is death!

MARGARET.

Nay, thou must live! There's work for thee!
I'll tell thee how the graves shall be.
The time is narrow—
They'll be thy care to-morrow;
My mother in the best place lay,
And close beside her, my brother, I pray;

Me a little space aside,
But not too wide.
And my little one lay on my right breast,
None but my babe by me will rest!—
Close into thy side to nestle,
That was a sweet, a gladsome bliss!
But now I know not what is amiss!
I am fain to come near thee, yet needs must wrestle,
As thou wert putting me away;
And yet 'tis thou, thou lookest good and kind.

FAUST.

O come, if such thou hold me in thy mind.

MARGARET.

Out yonder?

FAUST.

Into the open.

MARGARET.

Is the grave there?
Lies Death in wait? Then come!
From here, into the bed of endless sleep,
And further, not a step!—
Thou'lt leave me now? O Heinrich, could I but go!

FAUST.

Thou canst, but will it! Open stands the door.

MARGARET.

I may not go; naught can I hope for more.
And what boots flight? they'll hem me with their snares.

It is so wretched to beg one's bread,
With an evil conscience, ill-bestead.
It is so wretched to roam forsaken;
And do what I will, I shall still be taken!

FAUST.

I shall stay with thee.

MARGARET.

O haste! O haste!
Save thy poor babe.
Away by the path
That skirts the brook,
Over the bridge
And into the wood,
There to the left by the plank
In the pool.
Seize it straight!
It strives to rise,
It struggles still!
Save it! Save it!

FAUST.

O, but thine own self be!
'Tis but a step, and thou art free!

MARGARET.

Ah! would we were only past the hill!
There sitteth my mother on yonder stone,
An icy chill creeps o'er me!
There sitteth my mother on yonder stone
And wags her head before me.
She winks not, she blinks not, so heavy her head,
She'll waken no more, her sleep is of lead.

She slept, that our love might have leisure.
O! days of bliss beyond measure!

FAUST.

Here boots it not to pray and reason,
I'll bear thee forth with loving treason.

MARGARET.

Hands off! Nay, I'll not brook violence!
Handle me not so murderously!
What did I not once, for the love of thee?

FAUST.

The grey dawn breaks! 'Tis day! Dear heart! Dear heart!

MARGARET.

Day! Aye, it grows to day! The last day struggles in;
My wedding-day, it should have been!
Tell none thou hast been with Gretchen already.
My garland! O pain!
Nay then, so it chances!
We shall meet yet again,
But not where the dance is.
How surges the crowd, in silence wrapt!
The square below
And the alleys o'erflow,
The death-bell tolls, the wand is snapped!
My limbs with thongs the Headsman lashes!
They seize me, they drag me to the block!
No neck but winces from the stroke,
As swift at my neck the keen edge flashes.
Hushed lies the world as the tomb!

FAUST.

Would I never had been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES *appears without.*

Up! or ye are lost and lorn!
Bootless and fruitless your paltering and faltering!
My horses are quaking!
The dawn is breaking!

MARGARET.

What rises yonder from out the earth?
Him! him! send him forth!
What doth he here? the ground is consecrate!
Me! he seeks me!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live!

MARGARET.

Judgment of God! Myself to thee I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

Come! or I leave thee with her to thy fate!

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father! Save me!
Ye angels! ye holy battalions! shield me!
Encamp about me! To you I yield me!
Heinrich! I shudder at thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is condemned!

VOICE *from above.*

She is redeemed!

MEPHISTOPHELES, *to Faust.*

Hither to me!

[*Vanishes with Faust.*

VOICE *from within, dying away.*

Heinrich! Heinrich!

APPENDICES

I.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FAUST-LEGEND.

The Faust-Legend, before it received from the genius of Goethe a new lease of life together with a deeper meaning, had already enjoyed in various forms a wide popularity.

The older theory of its origin identified its hero with Fust, whose name is associated with the invention of printing. The author of this theory, or at any rate its chief propagator, appears to have been Daniel Defoe, who, in his *Political History of the Devil*, expounds it as follows:—

"*John Faustus* was Servant, or Journeyman, or Compositor, or what you please to call it, to *Koster* of *Harlem*, the first inventor of Printing, and having printed the Psalter, sold them at *Paris* as manuscripts; because as such they yielded a better Price.

"But the learned Doctors not being able to understand how the Work was perform'd, concluded as above, it was all the *Devil*, and that the *Man* was a *Witch*; accordingly they took him up for a *Magician* and a *Conjurer*, and one that work'd by the *Black Art*, that is to say by the help of the *Devil*; and in a word they threaten'd to hang him for a Witch, and in order

to it commenc'd a Process against him in their criminal Courts, which made such a Noise in the World as rais'd the Fame of poor *John Faustus* to a frightful Height, 'till at last he was oblig'd, for fear of the Gallows, to discover the whole secret to them.

"N.B.—This is the true original of the famous Dr. *Faustus* or *Foster*, of whom we have believ'd such strange Things, as that it is become a Proverb, *as great as the* Devil and *Dr.* Foster: Whereas poor *Faustus* was no doctor, and knew no more of the *Devil* than another body."

But the research of the last century, stimulated by the interest awakened by Goethe's Faust, has entirely demolished this ingenious theory, and established beyond a doubt, on the strength of contemporary references, the existence of an historic Faust, who, when we first come across him, entirely lacks the sulphurous halo with which popular rumour quickly began to invest him.

In 1536 there was printed a collection of the letters of the learned and famous historian Johannes Tritemius, Abbot of Spanheim. One of these, written in 1507, is addressed to a mathematical friend who has applied to him for information concerning the sorcerer Faust, then on the point of visiting him. He[1] describes

[1] For this and other quotations bearing on the Faust-Legend I am chiefly indebted to the invaluable collection of *Faustiana* of Dr. Tille, entitled *Faust-splitter in der Litteratur*, etc. The originals are mostly in Latin or German. In view of the wide circle of readers to which this series appeals, they are here presented in translation, for which I am myself responsible.—A. G. L.

him as a "landlouper, braggart and vagabond that should be whipt at the cart's tail." He has presumed to style himself "Magister Georgius Sabellicus, the younger Faustus, the well-head of the necromancers, astrologer, the second magician, cheiromancer, agromancer, pyromancer, the second in the hydric art," and this notwithstanding that he is in fact "wholly ignorant of all good letters, and should rather have called himself a fool than a magister." The writer then cites instances of the charlatan's extravagant boasts, as that "if all the books of Plato and Aristotle, together with their entire philosophy, had perished utterly from the memory of men, he himself with his own natural genius could, like another Hebrew Ezra, restore them in yet greater splendour"; and that "the miracles of our Saviour Christ are nothing marvellous, he himself could do all that Christ had done, as often and whensoever he would"; and that "in Alchemy he was the most perfect of all that had ever been, and knew and could do whatever the folk should wish." The letter finally quotes facts as damning for the moral character of this "well-head of the necromancers" as are those already cited for his learning and his modesty, and finally sums him up as "no philosopher, but a very foolish man, and a very impudent withal."

This flattering letter of introduction makes the calling of its subject sufficiently clear. He was one of a well-known class, the so-called *scholastici vagantes*, fahrende Schüler, or strolling scholars, men of more or less learning who roamed about the world living on their wits, equally ready to maintain a thesis against the

learned, or as conjurers, treasure-seekers, weather-makers, etc., to bubble the ignorant out of their money.

That this Georgius Sabellicus styles himself the "younger Faustus" suggests that the name Faustus must already have acquired some notoriety as that of a magician before he adopted it, but it cannot be traced beyond him. As the later Faust-book seems to have grown out of rumours concerning him, there is little doubt that in this charlatan we have the unworthy prototype of Goethe's immortal Faust:—

> "So that then was the poodle's kernel!
> A strolling scholar!"

It will be interesting to glance briefly and in chronological order at the further references to this personage, whom we shall see gradually assuming a more legendary character, whilst his impudent claims are received with growing credulity.

On October 3, 1513, Conradus Mutianus Rufus, the Canon of Gotha, writes describing him as a "downright swagger-jack and fool. The unlettered," he says, "gape at him in wonderment, the theologians should rise up against him."

The year 1520 brings us a brief but highly interesting notice extracted from the register of accounts of the bishopric of Bamberg, the entry of an "item of eighteen gulden given and presented to Dr. Faustus the philosopher, as a gratuity for that he hath cast a nativity of my gracious master." Oddly enough, we find from an entry of the previous year in the same register

that Hans Muller, the Treasurer, dated his yearly accounts "from Walpurgis until Walpurgis again."

But Faust does not meet with such a gracious reception everywhere. In the judicial archives of Upper Bavaria is a report to the effect that "on the Wednesday after St. Vitus 1528, one that did call himself Dr. Jörg Faustus of Heidelberg was bidden to quit the town (Ingolstadt) and spend his penny[1] elsewhere, and he hath taken a solemn vow that he will neither avenge him upon the authorities for this summons, nor make merry at their expense."

The learned Joachim Camerarius, Chancellor of the University of Tübingen, writing to a friend in 1536, says:—

"The day before the nones I passed the saddest of nights, the Moon being opposed to Mars in the sign of the Fishes. For my friend Faust is to blame that I take pleasure in talking of these matters with thee. Would he had taught thee something of his art, rather than have puffed thee up with the vain wind of the most empty superstition, or held thee in suspense by I know not what magic! But what doth he say to us now? For I know that thou hast diligently questioned him concerning everything. Is the Emperor victorious (in France *videlicet*)? So it needs must be."

Philipp Begardi, the physician of the city of Worms, writes in his *Index Sanitatis* (1539):—

"For a few years agone he journeyed almost throughout the whole country, principality and

[1] *i. e.* his means; cf. English, "a pretty penny."

kingdom, himself made known his name to everybody, and boasted highly of his great art, not alone in medicine, but also Cheiromancy, Nigromancy (*sic*), Physiognomy, Crystal-gazing, and the like other arts. . . . He hath also himself avouched and doth not gainsay that he is and is called Faustus, thereto hath writ himself Philosophus Philosophorum, etc. But them that have complained to me that they have been cozened of him, of them the tale hath been great. Now his promise was great . . . and likewise his fame; but the deed . . . well-nigh petty and cheating; yet hath he not been backward in the taking of money, and furthermore, on his departure, he hath paid many with heel-money."

The Protestant pastor of Basle, Johann Gast, in his *Convivales Sermones* (Table-talk) (1548), relates the following facts, already in a much more credulous spirit:—

"Concerning the Necromancer Faust. Towards evening he turned into a certain very rich monastery, intending to pass the night there. One of the brothers set before him a common wine of doubtful quality and nothing pleasing to the palate. Faustus begged him to draw from another cask a better wine, such as he was wont to give to distinguished visitors. The brother said: 'I have not the keys, the Prior is asleep, and to waken him is a sin.' Faust replied: 'There lie the keys in the corner, take them, broach the cask there on the left, and bring me a drink.' The brother refused—he was forbidden by the Prior to set any other wine before the guests. When Faust heard

this he said, full of wrath: 'Thou shalt soon see marvels, inhospitable brother.' He went away at daybreak, hot with rage, taking no leave of the host, and sent an infuriate demon which day and night kept a pother in the monastery, and flung everything topsy-turvy both in the church and in the cells of the monks, so that do what they would they could get no rest. . . .

"Another sample of Faustus. In Basle I dined with him in the great College. He had given to the cook divers sorts of birds to roast. Where he had bought them, or who had given them to him, I know not, for at that time they could not be bought, and besides, I had never seen the like in our neighbourhood. With him he had a dog and a horse, of which I believe that they were devils, and ready to execute anything. They told me that the dog at times assumed the form of a servant and procured victuals. But the wretch fell upon a lamentable end, for he was throttled of the devil, and his corpse lay upon the bier ever face downwards, although five several times he was turned upon his back. May God keep us, that we become not bondsmen of Satan!"

It is worth noting that of these marvels the only one which the good pastor relates as an eye-witness, though perplexing to him, is not in itself wildly improbable. The others are mere floating gossip.

The famous naturalist, Conrad Gesner, writing on August 16, 1561, says:—

"I for my part conjecture that these (*i.e.* the forbidden arts, such as Astrology, Necromancy

and the like) are survivals of Druidism. For the Druids amongst the old Celts were wont to be instructed for some years by demons in subterranean places, whereof it is established that it is still carried on in our day at Salamanca in Spain. From this school came those who are commonly called strolling scholars. Amongst these a certain Faust, who died quite recently, is in particular famous."

The next piece of testimony, that of the *Locorum communium collectanea* of Johannes Manlius (1562), has especial interest inasmuch as it claims to rest upon the authority of his master, Philip Melanchthon, the great reformer and friend of Luther. It is as follows:—

"I (Melanchthon) know one by the name of Faust, from Kundling, a small town in the neighbourhood of my home. Whilst this man was a student at Cracow he learnt the art of Magic, which art indeed was aforetimes greatly in vogue there, and of it there were public professorial courses. He wandered far and wide and talked of mysterious things. When he was going to give an exhibition in Venice, he said he would fly up into the sky. And accordingly the Devil raised him aloft and so dashed him down, that being hurled to the ground he was well-nigh a dead man, but nevertheless he came off with his life. Not many years since this same Johannes Faustus sat very dismal on his last day in a certain village of the Duchy of Württemberg. The host asked him why, contrary to his use and wont, he was so sad, for he was used to be a good-for-nothing losel, of a foul way of life, so that on divers occasions his

debaucheries had brought him to Death's door; whereupon he said unto the host in that village: 'See you be not affrighted this night.' And at dead of night the house quaked, and when Faust did not arise betimes and it was already on midday, the host took others to himself, went into his chamber and found him lying beside his bed with his face twisted round to his back, thus he had been destroyed of the devil. Whilst he still lived he had a dog with him, that was a devil. . . . This Faust slipped away in this city of Wittenberg when the excellent Prince, Duke John, had given orders to lay hands upon him. So also he got away at Nuremberg. There he had scarce set himself down to breakfast when a great agitation took him, and he immediately rose up, paid his host what he owed him, but scarcely was out at the door when the tipstaves came and sought for him. This same sorcerer Faust, an abominable beast and a sink of many devils, boasted of himself that all the victories won by the imperial armies in Italy had been by him brought to pass with the aid of his magic. But that was altogether a vain lie."

We pass over the references to Faust in the Chronicle of the Count Frohen Christof von Zimmern, which repeats the story of the Poltergeist with which the magician plagued the monks of Luxheim in the Vosges Mountains (for this time the name of the monastery is given), and also reports his death at the hands of the Devil, with the addition that he had been accustomed during his lifetime to call his familiar spirit his "brother-in-law."

The following account, drawn from the book

De praestigiis Daemonum (concerning the juggleries of demons), the work of a Dutch physician, Johannes Wier, published in 1568, adds yet further traits to those with which we are already familiar:—

"Johannes Faust, born in the little town of Kundling, studied Magic at Cracow, where it was aforetimes publicly taught, and with lies and manifold deceit practised it in divers parts of Germany for some years before 1540, marvelled at of many. With vain boasting and promises there was nothing he could not do. I will show the reader by one example the nature of his art, provided that he first promise me not to imitate it. It was in this wise. This scoundrel was arrested at Batenburg on the banks of the Meuse, on the borders of Guelderland, and in the absence of the Baron Hermann was treated with much gentleness by his chaplain, since he promised to teach this good and simple-minded man the knowledge of divers matters and various arts. And accordingly the latter brought forth wine, for which Faustus had a singular affection, until the cask was at an end. Thereupon, when Faust was aware of this and the other said he must betake him to Grave to have his beard shaved, he promised him, if he would have a care for more wine, a peculiar art, by which a man might be rid of his beard without the use of a razor. The bargain having been struck, he bid him rub in arsenic, without in any way describing the method. Now when the other had rubbed in the arsenic, there followed such an inflammation that not only the hairs of the beard, but also the skin and the flesh were burned. The

man himself has related to me more than once this trick, with great chagrin. When another man, one not unknown to me, one that had a black beard and in general a somewhat dark-skinned countenance, such as witnesseth of melancholy (for he was a Spleneticus), came to Faust, the latter straightway said: 'Of a truth I thought thou hadst been my brother-in-law, wherefore I looked straight at thy feet, to see if they had long and crooked talons.' Thus he compared him with the Demon, of whom he believed that he came to him, and it was his wont to call him his brother-in-law. At last he was found in a village of the Duchy of Württemberg dead beside his bed, with his face twisted all awry, and it is said that on the preceding midnight the house had quaked. A school-master in Goslar learned through the instruction of *Faustus magus*, or rather *infaustus malus*, the method by which Satan by means of spells might be shut up in a glass. In order that he might not be disturbed of any, he went on a certain day into a wood, and here, being so ill-advised as to engage in a magical incantation, there appeared to him a devil of most hideous form, with flaming eyes, with a nose crumpled like a cow's horn, with long tushes like those of a wild boar, with chaps like a cat, in sum, a most horrible sight. He swooned away of the horror of this phantom, and lay there some hours for dead. When at last he recovered in part his senses, and went towards the city-gate, some friends met him and asked him why he looked so pale and discomposed. He shuddered and held his peace, as if he were beside himself, and

when they had got him home he began to utter fearful sounds and to grow altogether demented. In the course of a year he began at last to talk again, and related how that the Devil had appeared to him in that guise. After he had taken the Sacrament, he commended himself three days later to God and took leave of this miserable life."

In a manuscript chronicle of about 1580 M. Zacharias Hogel, writing of the period about the year 1550, relates as follows concerning the "notorious sorcerer and desperate hell-brand Dr. Faust. Although he dwelt at Wittenberg, yet being wont with his restless spirit to roam ever about the world, he also presented himself at the University of Erfurt, took a lodging near the great College, and by his boasting brought it to such a pass that he was allowed to lecture in a public chair, and expound to the students the Greek poet Homer, and having thereby occasion to make mention of Priam, King of Troy, and of Hector, the warlike hero of that city, of Ajax, Ulysses, Agamemnon, and many others, he described them all, what manner of men they were to look upon. He was entreated (for indeed there be impertinent lads, and what there was behind him was no secret) to bring it to pass by his art that they should come and show themselves, just as he had described them." This he agrees to do, and fixes a time thereto. "Quickly he called them in one after another; now this one, now the other when he was gone, came in to them, looked upon them, and shook his head, as if he were still acting in the field before Troy. The last of all was the giant

Polyphemus, who had only one horrible great eye in the middle of his forehead, and a long beard as red as fire; he was devouring a wight, whose thigh dangled from his mouth; he frighted men with the look of him, that their hair stood on end, and when Dr. Faustus beckoned to him to be gone, he made as if he understood it not; he smote upon the ground with his great iron spear until the whole College shook again, and thereupon betook himself away."

On another occasion in a learned gathering of theologians and councillors, the conversation turned upon the old poets Plautus and Terence, "and it was lamented that so much of these same writers was already lost, of which, could they but have them, they might with great profit avail themselves in the schools. Dr. Faust listened, began also to talk of both poets, recited divers speeches which he asserted had stood in their lost comedies, and made offer, provided he were held scathless, and that it was not distasteful to the theologians, to bring all the lost comedies to light again, and to lay them before them for some hours, when they must be speedily copied by divers students or scriveners, if they wished to have them, and hereafter they might avail themselves of them to their hearts' content. The theologians and councillors, however, did not approve of his proposition: for, said they, the Devil might slip in all sorts of scandalous matter with these new-found comedies, and it was possible to learn enough good Latin even without them, from those that were extant."

Yet another of the theologians of Wittenberg,

one Augustine Lercheimer von Steinfelden, a pupil of Melanchthon like the Johannes Manlius already quoted, has much to tell of the notorious sorcerer in his work entitled *Christian Reflection and Reminder Concerning Sorcery, etc.*, which appeared in an enlarged and improved edition at Strassburg in 1586. The following extracts are drawn from this source:—

"Harmless, and yet sinful, was the prank that Johannes Faust of Knüttlingen played in the tavern at M—— where he sat with sundry, and they drank one to another now half a glass, now even a whole glass, as is the custom of the Saxons and other Germans. When now the host's lad filled his mug or goblet too full, he chid him, and threatened to eat him up, if he did the like again. But he mocked at him: 'Eat me up, quotha!' and again filled his mug too full. Thereupon Faust opens his jaws and eats him up. Then he whips up the tub that held the water for cooling the wine, 'After a good bite a good sup,' says he, and drains that too. The host spoke earnestly with the guest, that he should get him his servant again, or he would see what he should do with him. Faust bid him be content, and look behind the stove. There lay the lad, quaking with fright, drenched to the skin. Thither had the devil thrust him, poured the water over him, bewitched the eyes of the onlookers so that it seemed to them as he were eaten, and the water drunk.

"So Faust fared once on Fastens-eve with his company, after they had supped at home, from Meissen in Bavaria into the bishop's cellar at Salzburg for the night-draught, over sixty miles,

where they drank of the best. And the cellarer coming in by hap, spake to them as thieves, whereupon they betook themselves away, carrying him with them as far as a wood; there Faust set him upon a high fir-tree, and flew off with his crew, leaving him sitting.

"The lewd, devilish rogue Faust sojourned a while at Wittenberg, came upon a time to Master Philip (*i. e.* Melanchthon), who read him a good sermon, chid him and exhorted him to depart from the thing, or he would come to a bad end, as indeed it fell out. But he gave no heed thereto. Now once it was about ten of the clock, and Master Philip went down from his study to table, and Faust was with him, whom he had chidden hotly. And he speaks to him: 'Master Philip, you always set upon me with rough words, one of these times I will bring it to pass, when you go to table, that all the crocks in the kitchen shall fly out at the chimney, so that you and your guests shall have naught to eat.' Thereupon answers him Master Philip: 'See thou let that be; I snap my fingers at thee and thine art.' And so he let it be. Another old God-fearing man exhorted him too to repentance. To him he sent by way of thanks a devil into his bed-chamber, whilst he was going to bed, in order to affright him. It goeth round about in the chamber, grunteth like a sow. But the man well-armed in faith jeereth at it: 'Marry now, what a fine voice and song that is, an angel's, that could not abide in Heaven, that was thrust thence by reason of his pride, and now goeth about in folk's houses changed into a sow,' etc. Thereupon the spirit betakes him home again to Faust, com-

plains to him how he had been received there and packed off. He would not be there, where they flung in his teeth his fall and his damnation, and gibed at him thereupon."

This is how Lercheimer relates in a later edition of his work the sorcerer's appalling end:—

"In the aforenamed village he arrived on a Holy Day in the evening, sick and ill at ease, for that the hour appointed him by the devil according to their bond was now at hand. Findeth in the tavern a boon company of peasants sitting with great uproar. Beggeth the host therefore to give him a separate chamber. When now the peasants cry the more the longer they sit, entreateth them to make less din, to bear with him as with a sick man. Thereupon they do it more than ever, as is the wont of peasants when they are entreated. Then Faust for the last time maketh proof of his art upon them: Setteth all their mouths ajar, so that they sit and gape each at other—none can speak a word: They hint and point to the room of the guest, that the host should entreat him to let their mouths go to again. That is done, with the condition that henceforth they shall be silent. Thereupon they straightway betake themselves off. At midnight the host heareth an uproar in Faust's bedchamber: findeth him in the morning in such wise that his neck was twisted awry and his head hanging down from the bed."

Lercheimer's book brings us down to 1586. Other references to the story of Faust antecedent to that date exist, but it would serve no purpose

to quote them here, since they are either bare allusions, or are drawn from the sources already quoted at length. Together they serve to show the extent of the interest in the figure of the sorcerer, and the manner in which his extravagant pretensions gradually came to be accepted, and even capped by the popular rumour.

It is scarcely possible to sift truth from fiction in the reports concerning him, yet these contemporary or almost contemporary accounts leave no shadow of a doubt that such a man really existed, and enable us to form at least some conception as to what manner of man he was. He would seem to have been a man of no mean gifts and of considerable learning, inasmuch as he succeeded in commending himself to men of learning; yet there would seem to be as little doubt that he cultivated of set purpose the repute of a sorcerer, and lent himself to imposture to that end. Possibly he had some insight into secrets of nature generally unknown in his day, or possibly his feats were merely well-planned conjuring-tricks. The stories of his lecturing on Homer, and of his promise touching the MSS. of Plautus and Terence, would seem to represent him as a humanist, interested in the Revival of Letters in Germany; the conjuration of the spirits of Homeric heroes, if it rest upon any foundation of truth, may have been a skilfully-contrived masque, with or without intention to deceive. He was evidently a great wanderer, and if the reports may be believed, he was like Schwerdtlein, over fond of "foreign women and foreign wine." He was apparently not a welcome visitor everywhere alike, and

presumably he came by a violent death. It has been ingeniously suggested—though of course it is the merest conjecture—that he blew himself up as the unpremeditated result of some chemical experiment.

II.

THE FAUST-BOOKS.

With the year 1587 the Faust-Legend entered upon a new phase of development, for that year saw the definite crystallization of all the scattered rumours concerning Faust, together with much foreign matter, in the form of what is generally known as the first Faust-book, printed at Frankfort-on-the-Main by Johann Spiess. The title-page of this, the first of a long line of Faust-books, runs as follows: "History of Dr. Johann Faustus, the far-famed Sorcerer and Master of the Black Art, How he sold himself to the Devil for an appointed time, What strange Adventures he saw, himself brought to pass and carried through in the meanwhile, till at length he received his well-earned reward. Compiled and printed largely from his own surviving Writings, an appalling Example, abominable Instance, and well-meant Warning to all presumptuous, curious and Godless Men. James IV. *Submit yourselves to God. Resist the devil and he will flee from you.*"

Though this Faust-book is not the one that was known to Goethe, the later ones all follow it more or less closely, and a brief examination of

it will enable us to dispense with anything more than an enumeration of its successors.

Dr. Faust then, according to this account, was a peasant's son, who was adopted and reared by a wealthy cousin at Wittenberg, and was put to the study of Theology, but "he departed from this blessed undertaking, and abused the Word of God." Nevertheless he became Doctor of Theology, taking his examination with distinction; but "what will to the Deil maun to the Deil," he lays the Holy Scriptures behind the door and under the bench, turns to Medicine and the Magic Arts, "takes to himself eagles' wings, seeks to explore the reasons of everything in Heaven and on the Earth," and as a preliminary step, sets about to raise the Devil. He makes the attempt in a wood at eventide in four cross-ways, and once and again is unsuccessful, the Devil choosing to be coy, though on each occasion he treats the bold conjurer to such a startling devil's circus that the latter must have felt very thankful to have the safe bulwark of a magic-circle between himself and the uncouth performers. At length, however, there appears a sort of firework-display, which shapes itself into a fiery man, who goes round and round the circle for a quarter of an hour, and finally, assuming the form of a Grey Friar, asks Faust what is his wish. Faust wishes his obedient service during his life, and truthful answers to all his questions. But the Devil is only a subordinate; he expounds to Faust the devilish hierarchy, and after further negotiations detailed articles are drawn up on both sides, the sum and substance of which is contained in the

well-known pact. Faust accepts, for "he thought the Devil was not as black as he was painted, nor Hell so hot as was said."

Our author then proceeds to give us the very words of the bond, "a horrible and appalling work," which was found in Dr. Faust's dwelling after his "miserable decease."

The bond sets forth in legal parlance, with the accumulation of synonyms in which the lawyer's heart delights, that Dr. Faustus, having resolved to "search the elements," and not finding in his own head the necessary skill thereto, hath submitted himself to the spirit sent to him and here present, Mephostophiles by name, a servant of the hellish Prince in the East, and hath chosen the aforesaid Mephostophiles to instruct and teach him in these matters, who hath further promised to be submissive and obedient in everything to the aforesaid Dr. Faustus. In consideration whereof the aforesaid Dr. Faustus doth promise and engage himself, that twenty-four years from the date of these presents the aforesaid Prince of Hell shall dispose of him as seemeth to him good, with body, soul, flesh, blood and worldly wealth, and that in his eternity.

To sign this bond Dr. Faustus "took a pointed knife, opened a vein in his left hand, and they say that of a truth there was seen in that hand a graven and bloody writing, *O Homo fuge*, that is to say, 'O man, flee from him and do right,'" etc.

Faust now leads a merry life, his Familiar laying under contribution all the neighbouring wine-cellars and larders to purvey for his table. The Devil even makes him a yearly allowance of 1300

crowns, paid weekly. Things go on very smoothly between the high contracting parties until Faust proposes to marry. The Devil objects, "for wedlock is a thing of the Most High, but we are wholly opposed to it;" Faust persists, the Devil frightens him half out of his wits, whereupon Faust returns to his allegiance, and the Devil propitiates him with a seraglio of female demons in the form of fair women.

But Faust has not sold his soul merely for a mess of pottage. He also lusts *cognoscere rerum causas*, a very laudable ambition in these days, but to the biographer of Faust a "godless curiosity." Accordingly we find him engaging in a series of learned "disputations" with his Familiar. Guided by a curiosity not unnatural in one in his position, he first informs himself "concerning Hell and its antre," "concerning the regimen of the devils," and "concerning the former estate of the outcast angels."

The Devil's answers upon these points are sufficiently frank and by no means lacking in graphic detail, and Faust "goes out silently from his presence into his own chamber, lays himself upon his bed, begins to weep bitterly, to sigh and to cry out in his heart," but takes no serious thought of becoming reconciled with God. He seeks distraction from his gloomy forebodings in almanack-making, and "his almanacks were not like those of divers inexperienced astrologers, the which in winter set cold and frost, or snow,—in summer and in the dog-days warm, thunder and storm," but "when he set mist, wind, snow, moist, warm, thunder, hail, etc., it fell out even so." He also pursues his studies in physics at

the feet of Mephostophiles, plying him with questions concerning "the art of Astronomy or Astrology," "concerning Winter and Summer," and concerning the "course, adornment and origin of the heavens." The Devil's answer to the question "How God created the world and concerning the first birth of man" does not tally with the account in Genesis, which provokes in our author an outburst of indignation in the form of a marginal note: "Devil, thou liest! the Word of God teacheth otherwise in this matter."

Faust now lays aside for a while his studies at home, and proceeds to make the *grand tour* of the universe. Urged on by the old morbid curiosity, he begins with Hell, but the Devil cheats him with a "mere phantasy or dream," for had he really seen Hell aright, he "would have had no longing to go thither." Then he takes an eight-days trip in a dragon-chariot through the sky. His third journey extends over the whole of Europe, and as far as Cairo and India. His charger is Mephostophiles, in the form of a horse, but with wings like a dromedary[1] (!) From the highest peak of the island (*sic!*) of Caucasus he gets a glimpse of Paradise, with the flaming sword that defends its entrance.

The third part of the book describes the various feats of magic performed by the sorcerer: how he raised the spirit of Alexander the Great and his consort at the court of the Emperor Charles V.; how he bewitched a stag's antlers upon the head of a gentleman; how he ate a

[1] Our author possibly confuses the *dromedary* with the *ostrich*.

cartload of hay, together with the cart and the horses, belonging to a peasant who disputed the passage with him; how he borrowed money from a Jew, giving the same his foot in pawn, the which he himself did saw off in the presence of the Jew; how he sold five swine to a pig-jobber, the which turned into wisps of straw when crossing a running stream; how he built a castle by his magic upon a height; how with his cronies he fared into the cellar of the Bishop of Salzburg; how he called up the spirit of Helen of Troy to pleasure his guests, who were all inflamed with love of her; together with many other freaks of a like nature. In the twenty-third year of his contract with the Devil he takes the Grecian Helena to be his concubine, and by her has a son, Justus Faustus. In the twenty-fourth year he prepares for his end, makes his will, in which he names his servant Wagner his heir, bequeathing him further a familiar spirit named Auerhahn, and then delivers himself up to despair and lamentation, to a running accompaniment of jeers and gibes from Mephostophiles, who ingeniously exploits and adapts to this end the popular collections of proverbs of the day.

Faust's death is described with vivid realism: "Now it fell that between the hours of twelve and one of the night, there came against the house a great tempestuous wind, the which surrounded the house on all sides, as though all would fall in ruin, and it would tear the house to the ground; whereat the students well-nigh lost heart, sprang out of bed and began to comfort one another, would not quit the chamber, the host ran from his own house into another.

The students lay hard by the chamber wherein Dr. Faust was, they heard a hideous whistling and hissing, as the house were full of serpents, vipers, and other noisome worms, thereupon Dr. Faust's door flies open in the room, he sets up a cry of 'Help! Murther!' but scarce with half a voice, shortly after they heard him no more. When now the day dawned, and the students had not slept the whole of the night, they went into the room wherein Dr. Faust had been, but they saw no Faust, nothing save the room bespattered with blood, the brains cleaved to the wall, for that the Devil had beaten him from the one wall to the other. There lay there also his eyes and sundry teeth. A horrible and appalling spectacle."

Whether the compiler of this truly "appalling history" had indeed before him any of the surviving writings of Dr. John Faust or not, he certainly did not limit himself to them, but took good handfuls both from the books already quoted and from others dealing with kindred topics, troubling himself little whether the stories were originally told of his hero or of another. Thus the conjuring up of the spirits of Alexander the Great and his consort, the planting of the stag's antlers upon the head of the knight, the leg that was given in pawn to the Jew, the bewitched swine, the devouring of the cartload of hay, even the union of the sorcerer with the Grecian Helen, have all been traced to earlier, some to much earlier sources. The compact with the Devil was a commonplace of the wizard-superstition of the day. The *motif* is found as early as the sixth century, in the oriental Theo-

philus-Legend. Theophilus, like Faust, signs the contract in his own life-blood, but, unlike him, is saved at last by the intervention of the Holy Virgin.

If the good faith of the author of the Faust-book is questionable in the matter of his sources, it is equally permissible to doubt whether, in spite of the frequent Scriptural texts with which he interlards his story, he was entirely single-minded in his professed purpose of setting before his readers an "appalling Example, abominable Instance and well-meant Warning." It is reasonable to suppose that his first aim was to produce a marketable book, and though he shows none of the qualities of a great writer, he certainly possessed the first requisite of success, the knack of hitting the public taste of his time.

There was something in the machinery of devilry and witchcraft that appealed strongly to a superstitious age, and is not without interest in our own; there was something in the "godless curiosity," the yearning after hidden knowledge of the hero of the Faust-book, that was by no means foreign to a society through which was passing with the Revival of Letters as it were a breath of fresh air through a long-closed chamber; there was in the lust for sensual gratification, in the very horse-play of the conjuring-feats, something that tickled the palate of an age that asked for "strong drinks." Accordingly the success of the Faust-book was immediate and enduring.

A first proof of this success is seen in the bitterness with which Lercheimer attacks it in a later edition of his already-mentioned book. Lercheimer takes it as a slight upon Wittenberg

and the reformed religion, overlooking the fact that the writer is a Protestant like himself; he accuses it of error in various points, and concludes: "It is, however, an unseemly and grievous thing that our printers should venture without fear or shame to scatter broadcast and make known to everybody such books, that are a slander upon honourable folk, and to curious youth, into whose hands they fall, a stumbling-block and a temptation to wish, like apes (whereby indeed the Devil is not slow to present himself), to attempt to imitate the like wonder-works, thoughtless and heedless of the end of Faust and his likes; not to mention that the fair and noble art of printing given to us of God to a good end is in such a degree misused to an evil end."

In spite of this counterblast of Lercheimer the Faust-book appeared in two new editions in 1587, and again in two editions in 1588. In 1588 there appeared also a rhymed version of the Faust-story. In 1590 an enlarged edition of the prose version appeared at Berlin. One of the additional stories relates how Faust with a party of students visited the fair of Leipsic. As they were seeing the sights, "it fell out that they passed a wine-cellar, where certain draymen were busy with a great cask of wine, of about sixteen or eighteen runlets, and they were trying to hoist it out of the cellar, but could not." Faust gibes at their want of skill; one man, he says, could do it if he knew how to set about it. The host, nettled, retorts: "Well, then, he of you who can bring forth the cask alone, his shall it be." Faust asks nothing better; he forthwith "bestrideth the cask, as it were a

horse, and rideth it so swiftly out of the cellar that every man was astonied." Thereupon Faust and his comrades invite other boon companions, and hold a carousal of several days around the cask.

Another of the new anecdotes relates how Faust asks his cronies at a drinking-bout whether they would not like to try one or two foreign wines. "Anon Faust asks for a gimlet, begins to bore four holes one after another along the edge of the table-top, sets pegs therein, as one sets spigots or corks into casks, bids bring a few clean glasses, then draws forth one peg after another, and to each there flows from the dry table-top, as it were from four casks, the wine he had asked for."

We shall not seek to enumerate all the successive editions, with their remodellings, additions and variations, but must content ourselves with tracing the descent of the Faust-book which Goethe knew. In 1599 there appeared at Hamburg an entirely recast and greatly enlarged edition, that of Georg Rudolf Widmann. Notwithstanding its claims to originality, and its lofty contempt of the older Faust-book, it is throughout entirely dependent upon it.

In 1674 a Nuremberg physician, Johann Nicolaus Pfitzer, produced a new version based upon that of Widmann, and this lived on in a series of editions till 1729. Then there appeared a shorter version under the following title: "The compact of the world-famed Arch-Sorcerer and Black Magician Doctor Johann Faust with the Devil, wherein his adventurous career and his appalling end are all described in

the plainest fashion. At this present time newly revised, abridged to an agreeable length, and prepared for the press, as an earnest exhortation and warning to all wilful sinners, by a Man of Christian Sentiments."

This version lived in successive editions until the year 1797, and it was doubtless in this form that Goethe made acquaintance with the story, though oddly enough he does not enumerate it amongst the books, of the type of the English chap-book, "printed from standing type on account of the great sale, almost illegibly, on the most abominable blotting-paper," which the children bought "for a few coppers from the little stall that stood before the door of a bookseller."

III.

THE FAUST-DRAMA AND THE PUPPET-PLAY.

THERE was, however, a collateral branch in the descendants of the old Faust-book which also reached into Goethe's time, and shared with the Faust-book itself the honour of moving the mind of Goethe to its greatest creation. This was the stage-play of Dr. Faustus. The first to perceive the dramatic value of the story was our own Marlowe, who must have become acquainted with the book almost immediately after its appearance, possibly even before the publication of the first English translation, which there is reason to place in 1588 or 1589. Marlowe's *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* was in all likelihood written not later than 1589.

Marlowe's play was practically a dramatization of the story in the Faust-book, with the exclusion of unessential matter and with few alterations. This dramatized version was introduced into Germany by a troop of English players—we have evidence of at least two such troops for whom the excellence of the Elizabethan drama procured appointments at the courts of German princes, and who also made tours in the provinces. This play was handed down by one generation of actors to another, undergoing many changes, and becoming more and more a vehicle for spectacular display and buffoonery, something not unlike our Christmas pantomimes.

A play-bill of the year 1688 gives an excellent idea of what it had then become. It is advertised as "*the incomparable and world-famed play entitled the Life and Death of the great Arch-sorcerer D. Johannes Faustus, with excellent Jackpudding tomfoolery from beginning to end. In this main performance will be seen with wonderment :—*

1. *Pluto floating through the air on a dragon.*

2. *Dr. Faust's sorcery and conjuration of the spirits.*

3. *Jackpudding, whilst he is trying to collect gold, is tormented by all sorts of magic-birds in the air.*

4. *Dr. Faust's banquet, in which the show-dishes are transformed into fantastic figures.*

5. *Marvellous to see will be how men, dogs, cats and other beasts come out of a pasty and fly through the air.*

6. *A fire-breathing raven comes flying through*

the air and announces to Faust his approaching death.

7. *At length Faust is carried away by the spirits.*

8. *Lastly, Hell will be represented adorned with beautiful fireworks.*"

It may easily be imagined how this strange medley fell out of favour with the cultured taste of the eighteenth century, which under the influence of Gottsched turned more and more for inspiration to the classical drama of France, and the last authenticated representation of the drama of Faust was in the year 1770. But the play had already found a new field in the marionette-theatre. Such theatres visited Frankfort, Goethe's birthplace, during fair-time, and it was in one of them that he saw the play as a boy, receiving from it a most profound impression.

The puppet-play had no place in the republic of letters until Goethe's play procured it citizenship. It lived only upon the lips of the showmen, in a hundred varying versions, as the hazard of circumstance shaped it. It was still largely played in the first half of last century, and an account of the efforts made by literary men to secure a copy of the libretto would make a story in itself. Often it was handed down from father to son, and did not exist in writing, or if it did exist, was jealously guarded as a trade secret. Various versions of it were obtained in more or less imperfect form by making notes at actual performances. Amidst much that is as wooden as the actors into whose mouth it was put, and much that is "in 'Ercles vein," there are not wanting many marks of its high lineage.

The version of which there follows the briefest *résumé* is that published by Dr. Wilhelm Hamm,[1] who, thanks to the smartness of his amanuensis and the seductive powers of ale and wine, succeeded in diverting for a while from its lawful owner a well-thumbed stage-copy of the play.

The scene opens on Faust in his study; discontented with Theology, he is resolved to study "Nigromanticks." A voice on the right warns him against this resolution, a voice on the left confirms him in it. He decides to follow the voice from the left. Wagner enters, to announce the arrival of two students with a long-wished-for book on "Nigromanticks." He obtains from Faust permission to engage a boy to help him with the housework. The youth engaged is Casper, the clown of the play. Meanwhile Faust with the help of his new book conjures up five spirits. He wishes to have the swiftest for his servant. One is swift as the bullet from the gun, another as the wind, another as the ship on the sea, another as a snail, another as human thought. His name is Mephistopheles. Through him the usual bargain is struck with Pluto for four-and-twenty years, and the bond is signed with blood, in spite of the warning letters H. F. (*homo fuge*) writ by the blood on Faust's finger. Thereupon the bond is carried to Pluto by a raven. Faust and his household now travel to the court of the Duke of Parma, where the sorcerer conjures up several dead notabilities,

[1] For the purpose of my brief *résumé* I have availed myself of the English translation of T. C. H. Hedderwick.

mostly scriptural characters, for the entertainment of the court. Returned home, Faust is seized with remorse; the devil seduces him anew by the gift of Helen. The tragic tone of the last scene, which has many striking touches, is relieved by the buffoonery of Casper, now a night-watchman; the Furies carry off Faust amidst thunder and lightning, but the devil Auerhahn, who had come for Casper, will have none of him on learning that he is a night-watchman. With this jest at duly-constituted authority the curtain falls.

IV.

THE GROWTH OF GOETHE'S FAUST.

We have seen how the Faust-drama underwent changes which brought it more and more out of harmony with the cultured taste formed upon the French classical drama. But even before the popular Faust-play finally disappeared from the boards, another movement had sprung up in German literature, which sought its models amongst the English poets, notably in Milton and Shakspere, which raked out from the dust again such monuments of ancient German literary glory as the polished lyrics of the Minnesänger and the popular epic of the Nibelungen, and which could not fail to be attracted anew by the romantic story of the great arch-sorcerer. There was even in the second half of the eighteenth century some intellectual kinship with the period which had first given birth to the

Faust-Legend. The impulse given to free inquiry by the French "age of reason," not in France alone, but in Germany, as in England, was akin to that which had resulted from the Revival of Letters and the Reformation; all minds were in a state of ferment, of revolt against old conventions in every branch of human activity; and the imperious thirst after knowledge, combined with the decay of religious belief, produced then, as it tends to produce in our own days, an inclination to dabble in all kinds of mystic lore. Faust, the ambitious spirit who aspired after all knowledge and all power, reckless of consequences, and shook himself free from all trammels of moral or religious law, seemed the very incarnation of the spirit of the times, and could not possibly have escaped the attention of the fiery young geniuses of the age of Storm-and-Stress. And so we find there was scarcely a single aspirant to literary fame but had in his wallet his scheme for a Faust-romance, a Faust-poem, or a Faust-drama. And like the rest of them Goethe too had his.

If we may trust Goethe's own memory in the matter, it was in his twentieth year, in the year 1769, that he first began to toy with the thought of writing a Faust-drama. A severe illness had brought him home from the University of Leipsic to his father's house in Frankfort, and he whiled away the tedium of a protracted convalescence by studies of alchemy and magic, in half-credulous mood. In 1770, whilst he was pursuing his studies at the University of Strasbourg, he tells us "the significant story of the puppet-play again murmured and hummed

in my soul with manifold voices. I too had roamed about in the whole field of science, and had early been brought to see its vanity. I had made trial of life too in every form, and had returned ever more discontented, more ill at ease. Now like many another I bore these things about with me, and took pleasure in them in my hours of solitude, but without writing any part of them down."

When he did actually set pen to paper it is impossible to say with certainty. Scattered allusions show us him busy with it at intervals between 1773 and 1775; portions were read to his friends, and it even leaked out to a wider circle that Goethe, whose "Götz von Berlichingen" and "Werther" had already won him European notoriety, was engaged upon a "Faust," which was awaited with the most lively expectation. But in 1775, on the invitation of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Goethe transferred his abode to Weimar, and the distractions and duties of court life put an end for fourteen years to all work upon the Faust. Not until his Italian journey, indeed not until his second year in Italy, did Goethe find himself again in the mood to take up the dog's-eared and time-stained manuscript and resume the interrupted task. The part then written was the Witch's Kitchen. The new impulse, however, carried him no further, and when in 1790 he published an edition of his works, the Faust-scenes, offering but a loosely-connected sequence, appeared under the title, *Faust, a Fragment.*

This fragment did not extend beyond the scene in the Minster, and even then, as compared

with the completed Part I., it showed many gaps.

It begins with the first monologue of Faust in his study, "*I have studied, alas! Philosophy,*" etc., includes the apparition of the Earth-Spirit, and the first conversation with Wagner, as far as the line "*In such a learnéd wise with you to reason.*" Of the following monologue of Faust it contains only the first four lines. The remainder of this monologue, together with the attempt at suicide and the Easter-music, is lacking, as are also the Easter-walk, the first scene in the study with the exorcism of the poodle and the spirit-lullaby, the second appearance of Mephistopheles in the study, the dialogue between him and Faust, and the striking of the bargain as far as the words "*Each yearning assigned in sum to the whole race of mortals,*" which follow immediately on the first four lines of Faust's monologue after the departure of Wagner. Then come the remainder of the conversation between Faust and Mephistopheles, the scene with the "freshman," Auerbach's Cellar, the Witch's Kitchen, and all the Gretchen-scenes with the exception of the dungeon-scene; also the two scenes between Faust and Mephistopheles, entitled respectively, "Street," and "Woodland and Cave," the second of which, however, is placed between the conversation of Gretchen and Lisbeth at the well, and Gretchen's prayer at the shrine of the Virgin.

Not until 1797 did Goethe again take up the Faust, and then largely, thanks to the repeated urgings of his friend Schiller. To

this new growth belong the "Dedication," the "Prologue in Heaven," the "Prelude on the Stage," and the greater part of Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding, the latter not originally written for the Faust (see note, *Walpurgis-Night's Dream*, p. 278). Again the work was shelved for a while, but with the beginning of the new century the poet took the task earnestly in hand again, and in 1808, nearly forty years after its first conception, the first part of Faust appeared complete as we now have it.

With the second part we are here not concerned, yet the reader may be interested to learn at least the chief dates in its history. It was nearly twenty years from the publication of the first part before any portion of the second part was given to the public. In 1827 there appeared the third act, briefly known as the "Helena," in 1828 the beginning of the first act, and the poet now worked continuously upon it until by the middle of the year 1831 the poem was completed, sealed up and laid away, with instructions that it should be opened and published only after Goethe's death. In 1832, however, he himself opened it, and made one or two trifling alterations. And thus the grey-headed old man of eighty-three set the finishing touches to the work first contemplated by the youth of twenty. Within two months of this he died, and in the same year the second part of Faust was published amongst his posthumous works.

The Faust necessarily bears the traces of this lengthy evolution, alike in the varieties of its style and in the discrepancies of its plot. The original plan can be vaguely traced in the

finished structure, but the architect has here put out a new wing, here added a turret, pulled down here and rebuilt there. The resulting variety often adds to the charm of the edifice, but one is at times perplexed to find one's way about in it.

NOTES

Page 9. *The Dedication.*—The *Dedication* was written in 1797, some quarter of a century after Goethe had written the first words of the Faust.—See Appendix iv, p. 257. For the last eight years the poem had remained untouched, and now the ripe mind of the man (Goethe was forty-eight) again began to busy itself with the work first projected with the "troubled vision" of youth. The *wavering phantoms* are the misty forms of the personages of the drama, the "airy nothings" to which the poet had given "local habitation and a name."

Page 11. *The Prelude upon the Stage.*—The Hindoo drama *Sakuntala*, which was known to Goethe in translation and greatly prized by him, has a prelude in which the manager and one of the actresses converse. This probably gave him the hint for the *Prelude upon the Stage.* He imagines a discussion between the Manager, the Merry Andrew and the Poet of a company of strolling players as to what sort of play they shall give, and makes this the vehicle for an exposition of three different views of the aims of dramatic art. The Manager sees in it merely a means of filling his theatre, and thereby his coffers, the Merry Andrew thinks only of the amusement of the public, the Poet will hear of nothing but "art for art's sake."

Page 19. *The Prologue in Heaven.*—It is scarcely necessary to point out that for the general conception Goethe is indebted to the Book of Job, which Düntzer aptly styles an "inverted oriental Faust."

Page 22.

> *Whilst still he sees the earthly day,*
> *So long it shall not be forbidden.*
> *Whilst still man strives, still must he stray.*

These lines are important as marking the extent of

the permission granted to Mephistopheles, which the latter strangely misinterprets. They make it clear that Faust is delivered into the hands of Mephistopheles only during his lifetime. It follows that the Lord gives no sanction to the pact by which under certain contingencies Faust forfeits his soul to Mephistopheles, and is accordingly guilty of no breach of faith in wresting from the demon at the last moment his coveted booty. They also make clear why Faust in spite of his relapse into sin is worthy of the Divine intervention at the last moment. Sin is, in imperfect man, the necessary accompaniment of effort. It can only be avoided by stagnation.

Page 27.

The work of Nostradamus' hand.

Michel de Notre-Dame (latinized as Nostradamus) was physician-in-ordinary to Charles IX. of France, and a noted astrologer. He published a weather-almanack and a set of prophecies in rhyme (1555). His book of magic is an invention of the poet.

Page 27. *Macrocosm.* — The Greek word *kosmos* signifies an "orderly arrangement," and is used to denote visible creation, the universe, as opposed to *chaos*—the yawning void. The *macrocosm* or great world is used of the universe external to man, who is himself the *microcosm* or little world. In the mystico-cabbalistic lore of the Middle Ages the macrocosm embraced three closely-interrelated realms, the earthly, the heavenly and the super-heavenly. The ceaseless interchange of influences amongst these three is figured by the "golden buckets" of the following passage. Man, the microcosm, consists of three parts, body, mind and soul, which are analogous to the divisions of the macrocosm.

Page 28.

Now, now I know what 'tis the sage hath spoken.

The *sage* has not been identified, and probably, like the magic-book of Nostradamus, is a creation of the poet's brain, together with the precept professedly quoted from him. Possibly Nostradamus himself is intended.

Page 28. *The Earth-Spirit.*—A recent commentator[1] says: "The Earth-Spirit is an invention of Goethe which owes nothing discoverable to any particular myth, still less to any man." But is it not a development of the doctrine held by Plato in common with the Stoics, and thus expressed by the former in his *Phaedo:* "This universe is a living creature in very truth, possessing soul and reason by the providence of God" (Archer-Hind's Translation)? The idea finds further expression in Vergil (*Æneid*, Bk. VI.): "First, the sky, and earth, and watery plains, and the moon's bright sphere, and Titan's star, a Spirit feeds within; and a mind, instilled throughout the limbs, gives energy to the whole mass and mingles with the mighty body. Thence springs the race of men and beasts, and the lines of winged fowl, and the monsters Ocean bears beneath his marble floor" (Lonsdale and Lee's Translation). The Spirit here portrayed has many features in common with Goethe's Earth-Spirit. The Earth-Spirit as conceived by Goethe is a personification of the active, vital forces of nature, the principle of change and growth within the universe. As such he is the giver of all gifts to man, both good and evil (see page 156, Woodland and Cave, and page 210). Goethe's first conception of the Faust assigned to the Earth-Spirit a much more important part than that which he plays in the completed Faust. As is seen from the passages to which reference has just been made, Mephistopheles was originally regarded as an envoy of the Earth-Spirit, not of the Lord as in the final version, nor of the Prince of the Devils as in the Faust-book.

Page 31.

And I weave God's living garment there.

God's living garment is visible nature, in which God clothes Himself for our perception.

Page 31. *Famulus.*—The Famulus was a student who dwelt in the professor's house and performed menial duties, in return for which he enjoyed free instruction and the privilege of intercourse with the great man, as here Wagner.

[1] Professor Calvin Thomas.

Page 38.

Thou too, old pulley, growest strangely smoked.

The word *Rolle* is ambiguous. It is frequently rendered by *scroll*. Düntzer's explanation that it is the Zugrolle, or lamp-pulley, by which the lamp is suspended, seems to me preferable. What should one particular parchment roll do lying year in year out untouched on Faust's desk? And would it grow smoky even then?

Page 39.

A flaming car floats down on wafting pinions.

Death, conceived as a swift translation to a higher sphere, is figured as a *flaming car*, in allusion to the chariot of fire in which Elijah was caught up to Heaven.

Page 43. *Without the City-Gate.*—The topography of the scene is conceived upon that of the neighbourhood of Frankfort-on-the-Main, the poet's birthplace, which, however, is not a university town. The places of popular resort, the Hunter's Lodge, etc., can easily be identified under the thin disguise of slightly-altered names.

Page 46.

When out in Turkey yonder, far away,
The nations clash in arms.

Düntzer points out that the Russo-Turkish war of 1767–1774 had but recently ended when Goethe wrote. But it is worth noting that there was a Turkish war contemporary with Faust himself, and one which ultimately must have come home to the comfortable burgher with not a little force. In 1521 Suliman the Magnificent took Belgrade, in the following year Rhodes, in 1529 Buda-Pesth, but happily for Western civilization the tide of invasion broke itself before the walls of Vienna.

Page 47

She let me see last Hallowe'en,
In flesh and blood, my future lover.

The German has "on St. Andrew's Night." On this night, the 29th of November, German lasses are

wont to practise divinations, similar to those with which Burns has familiarized us in his *Hallowe'en*.

Page 51.

When for the plague a bound he set.

Nostradamus (see note to page 27) is said to have saved the lives of many peasants during a plague that devastated Provence in 1525.

Page 52.

A little more, and every knee would bend,
As came the Holy Housel by.

The consecrated wafer of the Eucharist in the Roman Catholic Church, enclosed in a transparent receptacle, the *monstrance*, is borne abroad in processions, *e.g.* on Corpus Christi Day, or for the administration of the viaticum to the dying. Inasmuch as according to the doctrine of transubstantiation Jesus Christ is "truly present whole and entire, both God and man, under the appearance of bread," it logically follows that true believers are expected to prostrate themselves reverently as the Holy Host is borne past them.

Page 52. *The Black Kitchen.*—By the Black Kitchen is meant the laboratory of the alchemists, so called rather in allusion to the Black Art than from the thought of its being begrimed with smoke.

Page 52.

There a Red Lion with the Lily wedded, etc.

In this passage Faust describes processes still familiar to the chemist, in the fanciful jargon of the alchemists. The *Red Lion* and the *Lily* are chemical substances, possibly preparations of gold and silver respectively. To these are attributed different sexes. They are "wedded together" in a retort, which is the first "bridal-bower," under the influence of the uniform heat of a "water-bath." Then the retort is exposed to the naked flame, and thus the newly-wedded pair are driven over as vapour into the receiver, the second "bridal-bower," where, if the experiment has been successful, a richly-coloured sublimate is formed. This sublimate, resulting from the union of the two, is regarded as their offspring,

and is known as the Young Queen. It is in fact the Philosopher's Stone, which transmutes base metals into gold, and is a panacea for all diseases.

Page 60.

'Tis written: In the beginning was the Word.

The Greek word *logos*, translated in the Authorized Version (John i. 1) by "Word," is indeed susceptible of more than one interpretation, but scarcely of those which Faust successively puts upon it. It is not the meaning of the Greek *logos*, but the philosophical explanation of the origin of all being that Faust is really in search of.

Page 61.

For such a hybrid brood of Hell
Solomon's Key doth passing well.

Faust mistakes at first the nature of his uncanny visitor. He takes him to be one of the elemental spirits, Salamander, Nymph, Sylph or Gnome, inhabitants respectively of Fire, Water, Air and Earth. These are but half-devils, a "hybrid brood of Hell." Readers of the *Thousand and One Nights* will not need to be reminded of the dominion exercised by the wise Solomon over the spirits. A book appeared in 1688 called the *Clavicula Salomonis, the Little Key of Solomon*, which contained spells for their evocation and exorcism.

Page 61. *Undine.*—The *Undine* is the nymph or Water-Spirit (Latin *unda*). Cf. De la Motte-Fouqué's romance, *Undine*.

Page 62. *Incubus.*—The Incubus was with the Romans the fiend that caused nightmare by sitting upon the sleeper's chest. It is here identified with the gnome or goblin, the *earth-sprite*.

Page 62.

. . . this symbol
At which do tremble
The black battalions.

Some symbol of the Christian religion is meant, as the Cross, or the significant letters I.N.R.I.

Page 63. *The threefold glowing Blaze.*—The sign of the Trinity.

Page 63. *A strolling scholar.*—See Appendix I, page 225.

Page 64.

Liar, Seducer, God of Flies.

Satan and Devil mean in Hebrew and Greek respectively *slanderer*, Abaddon and Apollyon *destroyer*, Beelzebub, in Hebrew, *god of flies*.

Page 64.

Man, the mad-brained Microcosm.

See note to page 27, upon the Macrocosm.

Page 66.

The wizard's foot upon your threshold.

FAUST.

The pentagram!

The pentagram or pentalpha is a well-known and widely-spread magic-symbol, which has the form of a five-pointed star, and may be drawn by producing the five sides of a regular pentagon to the points of intersection, thus:—

The figure has the peculiarity that it may be drawn from beginning to end without removing the pencil from the paper, beginning at one angle and returning thither. The pentagram shares with the horse-shoe the virtue of protecting a house from the intrusion of evil spirits. It is apparently an innovation of the poet to attribute this virtue to the perfectly-formed angles and withhold it from those not completely closed. In German the pentagram is also called the *Druden foot*, which, following previous translators, I have rendered by the not altogether satisfactory *wizara's foot*. In German mythology the *Druden* were the clouds personified as beneficent winged maidens with swans' feet. After the advent of Christianity they shared the fate of the heathen deities in general and were degraded into demons or witches. The pentagram was called the *Druden foot*

because of a fancied resemblance to the footprint of a bird, in allusion to the swan feet of the *Druden*.

Page 71.

The lord of rats and bats and mice,
Of frogs and flies and bugs and lice.

All vermin, as destructive and disgusting creatures, belong to the Devil. In the first Faust-book, when Belial and six of the princes of Hell visit Faust, he is curious to learn of them "who created the vermin." They said: "After the Fall of man the vermin came into being, that they might work plague and scath upon mankind." The devils then change themselves into vermin at his request, and give him such a taste of their quality that he turns tail and flees from the house to escape them.

Page 72.

I come, a squire of high degree;
In raiment red, with gold all braided,
In silken mantle, stiff brocaded,
A jaunty cock's plume in my cap.

In the first Faust-book the devil appears to Faust "in the guise of a Grey Friar." In the Puppet-Play he appears in red, with a black mantle and a cock's feather. In German popular mythology he is known as Squire, Squire Jack, Handsome Jack, Squire Voland. Luther calls him Squire Devil, Squire Satan. Red is his chosen colour as being the colour of fire and of blood, of destruction and of murder.

Page 74. *Chorus of Spirits.*—The commentators are unable to agree as to whether these are good or evil spirits. They mourn the wreck of the beauteous world, which Faust, so far as he is concerned, has struck into ruins by his curse—are they sincere, or do they but mock? They urge him to build it up again in his own bosom—is it repentance, a return to harmony with the moral order of things, to which they exhort him, or is it, as Mephistopheles asserts, mere sensual experience and enjoyment of life, which he has cursed without having tasted it? Mephistopheles claims them as his—is his claim well founded, or is it put forward merely to divert Faust's attention

from an angelic warning? The reader must decide for himself.

Page 75.

Cease toying with thy melancholy,
That like a vulture eats into thine heart.

So the eagle of Zeus eats into the undying liver of Prometheus on the rocks of Caucasus.

Page 75.

I'm none o' the fashionable.

Goethe's conception of Mephistopheles' rank in the hierarchy of devils fluctuates in a very perplexing manner. Sometimes, as here (and also in the Faust-book and puppet-play), he is thought of as a mere subordinate, on other occasions he is as clearly regarded as *the* Devil. The discrepancies arise from changes in the poet's original plan as the work grew beneath his hands.

Page 76.

Here will I pledge myself to serve thee truly, etc.

The pact is here proposed in the first instance in the traditional form. It assumes a very different form before it is signed.

Page 77.

Yet hast thou food that fills not, etc.

The unsubstantial nature of the gifts of magic, as of "fairy-gold," is notorious, but Faust's bitter catalogue of them has a wider application. It is a repetition of his already iterated denunciation of the pleasures of life, they are Dead-Sea fruit, one and all, whether we pluck one here and there ourselves, or receive them wholesale at the hands of the Devil.

Page 77.

Show me the fruit that ere 'tis plucked doth rot,
And trees that deck them with new verdure daily!

The *fruit that ere 'tis plucked doth rot* is the prize coveted at first, but which loses its charm for us even before we attain it; the *trees that deck them with new verdure daily* are the pursuits which lure us with ever new promises, but in which we never draw

nearer to fruition. The first are Dead-Sea fruit, the second are the fruits of Tantalus.

Page 78.

When to the moment fleeting past me,
Tarry! I cry, so fair thou art!
Then into fetters mayst thou cast me,
Then let come doom, with all my heart!

These lines contain the essence of the wager between Faust and Mephistopheles. If the demon can for one instant still his aspirations, can make him wallow content in a sensual sty, then the bond shall fall due. The words take us back to the words of the Lord in the Prologue in Heaven, *Whilst still man strives, still must he stray.* They also point us on to the speech of Faust in the second part, on the strength of which, somewhat prematurely, Mephistopheles ventures to foreclose the mortgage. Busied with a scheme of unselfish activity, with the draining of a pestilential marsh and its conversion into a happy and healthful dwelling-place for men, and carried away by hopeful anticipations of the realization of his scheme, Faust cries out:—

To such a moment fleeting past me,
Tarry! I'd cry, so fair thou art!

Yet the words have a very different meaning from that implied in the present passage. They are not the lazy sigh of contented sloth, they are the pledge of further effort. Mephistopheles, however, seeks to avail himself of the verbal resemblance to claim his victim, and Faust is forthwith seized by Death. Mephistopheles and his devils surround the corpse ready to pounce upon the soul when it flutters out, but the angels shower upon them the roses of Heavenly Love, which burn them like flakes of fire. Thus they possess themselves of the immortal part of Faust, which they bear aloft into the blissful region of further growth.

Page 78.

At the Doctor's banquet I'll be with thee.

It is the custom for a German student, on his "promotion" to the degree of Doctor, to entertain

his professors and the more intimate of his fellow-students. Goethe at one time contemplated writing the scene here hinted at, but did not proceed with it.

Page 86.

In Spanish boots be tightly laced.

The "Spanish boot," or simply the "boot," is a well-known instrument of torture, in which the leg was encased and afterwards crushed by the driving in of wedges.

Page 87. *Encheiresis Naturae.*—The words mean the manipulation, the handling of nature.

Page 91.

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

"Ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil" (Gen. iii. 5).

Page 92.

A little inflammable air, which I'll make ready,
From earth will waft us, sure and speedy.

The *inflammable air* is hydrogen, the low specific gravity of which Cavendish had discovered in 1766, and which the brothers Montgolfier had made use of in their ærostatic experiments from the year 1782. Goethe followed these experiments with great interest. There is no anachronism in making Mephistopheles avail himself in the Middle Ages of a physical fact not discovered by mere mortals till the end of the eighteenth century. In the same way Milton's Satan turns his devilish artillery against the hosts of heaven, long before man had ever dug villainous saltpetre out of the bowels of the harmless earth.

Page 93. *Auerbach's Cellar in Leipsic.*—In Germany one not infrequently finds a tavern lodged in a cellar, presumably for the convenient proximity of the wine-casks. Often, as in the *Rathskeller zu Bremen*, it is under the Rathhaus or Town Hall. Such a tavern was Auerbach's cellar in Leipsic. It was well known to Goethe, who studied in that town 1765–1768. The exploit of Faust related in the Berlin edition (1590) of the Faust-book (see Appendix II, page 248) was, at an unknown date, localized to Auerbach's cellar. Two pictures are still shown in the tavern, one

representing Faust riding the cask out of the cellar, and the other representing the merry drinking-party that followed his feat.

Page 94.

The good old Holy Roman Realm.

The Holy Roman Empire was the title borne by the Western Empire, as re-established by Otho in 962. In Goethe's time it was indeed upon its last legs, and finally ceased to exist with the abdication of the Emperor Francis II. of Hapsburg in 1806.

Page 94.

You know what quality, you Sirs,
Decides the choice, the man prefers.

The best man amongst the German students, as with our forefathers, would be he who could drink his fellows under the table.

Page 99.

Why limps the fellow on one foot?

The Devil has, in place of one foot, a horse's hoof (see page 117 and page 197).

Page 99.

'Twas doubtless late from Rippach when you started.

Rippach was the last posting-station between Weissenfels and Leipsic. Hans von Rippach was used in Leipsic to signify a country bumpkin—Squire Hodge, as we might say.

Page 103.

Now straightway
A gimlet here!

This and the following conjuring-trick both appear in one of the Faust-books (see Appendix II, page 249), but in different connections, and there not Mephistopheles but Faust plays the tricks.

Page 109. *Witch's Kitchen.*—Here we take leave of the old Faust-Legend, and shall not find it again in this first part of Goethe's Faust.

Page 111.

. . . *I could build*
As soon a thousand bridges, I've a notion.

The Devil has been a great bridge-builder in his

day. His masterpiece is the Devil's Bridge over the Reuss in the Pass of St. Gothard, the story of which the reader will find in Longfellow's *Golden Legend*.

Page 112.

THE BEASTS.

We're boiling sloppy pauper-skilly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why then, your public is not few.

Here, as frequently in this scene and in the Walpurgis-Night, Goethe allows himself a little satire, somewhat obscure satire in truth, on contemporary questions in matters of literature. Thus under cover of the term "sloppy pauper-skilly" (in the German, Bettelsuppen—the soup made of orts and given to beggars at the door of the monasteries) Goethe hints contempt of the popular literature of the day, which is thin and wants originality.

Page 113.

Whereto the sieve?

Sieve-turning, as a means of discovering thieves, was already practised amongst the Greeks. The sieve was held lightly between two fingers, one of each hand, and the names of those upon whom suspicion rested were pronounced in succession. When the culprit's name was spoken the sieve turned round. The use of the sieve for such a purpose is easily explained from its proper function.

Page 116.

Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

The witch's cry of pain suggests the yelping of a dog.

Page 117.

Thy brace of ravens, too, where is it?

The Devil has inherited the two ravens, Hugi and Muni (Thought and Memory), of the God Odin, together with various attributes of other heathen gods.

Page 122.

And can I pleasure thee, thy wish be spoken
Boldly, on May-day Eve, upon the Brocken.

That is, at the great festival of the witches and devils (see the Walpurgis-Night, page 183, and the note upon it).

Page 130.

There was a king in Thule.

Thule, the *ultima Thule* of Vergil and Tacitus, was for the ancients the uttermost of all lands. It cannot be identified with certainty, and this very vagueness, together with its musical name, gives it its poetical value to Goethe.

Page 140.

Indeed upon his score, as he died testifying,
A heavier scot was chalked.

Schwerdtlein frames his metaphor from the language of the pothouse, which rises most readily to his lips. He means of course that wretched as is his miserable end, it comes short of his deserts.

Page 144.

Sancta Simplicitas!

Holy Simplicity! The words are said to have been uttered by the martyr Huss on seeing an old goody bring in pious zeal her billet of wood to the pile for his burning.

Page 156.

Spirit sublime, didst freely give me all,
All that I prayed for.

The "Spirit sublime" is the Earth-Spirit (see note to page 28).

Page 161.

I envy, when her lips upon it are,
The very Body of the Lord that favour.

The Body of the Lord is the consecrated wafer of the Eucharist (see note to page 52, *The Holy Housel*).

Page 161.

Yon sweet twin-pair, that feeds amongst the roses.

See Song of Solomon, iv. 5. Luther's version has *roses* where the English Authorized Version has *lilies*.

Page 172. *The Mater Dolorosa.*—The Mater Dolorosa is the Virgin Mary, the Mother of Sorrows. The first part of Gretchen's prayer is suggested by the Latin hymn of Jacopone da Todi (died 1306), the well-known "Stabat Mater."

Page 174.

Run up sheer walls in mad despair.

Valentine is like a caged tiger in his fury.

Page 175.

And will the treasure rise into the air
Meanwhile, which I see glimmering there?

Treasures buried in the earth rise every year a little nearer the surface. Over the place where they lie a little flame flickers. In the first Faust-book the Devil bids Faust dig for treasure in an old ruined chapel. Faust does so, and finds a "loathly great worm lying on the treasure, and the treasure seemed as it were a light kindled."

Page 176.

I'll treat her to a moral song.

Mephistopheles' *moral* song is founded upon Ophelia's song in *Hamlet*, Act IV., Scene 5.

Page 177.

Damned rat-catcher.

The allusion is to the Rat-catcher of Hamelin, Browning's *Pied Piper*, whose music lured first the rats and then the children to follow after him.

Page 177.

My hand grows sudden lame.

Valentine's hand is not wounded, but paralysed by Mephistopheles' magic.

Page 181.

Is't for thy mother's soul thou prayest, that
Through thee to long, long torment fell asleep?

Gretchen's mother, like Hamlet's father, was "cut off even in the blossoms of her sin, unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd," and must therefore sojourn long in Purgatory. Similarly Hamlet stays his hand when he takes his uncle at prayer, lest he should send him straight to Heaven.

Page 181.

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla

Day of wrath, that dread day
Shall melt the world into ashes.

The chant of the choir is the well-known Latin hymn of Thomas of Celano, which goes back to the thirteenth century. It was freely translated by Sir Walter Scott in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto VI

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.
When then the Judge shall take His seat,
Whatever is hidden shall come to light,
Naught shall remain unavenged.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.
Wretched me! what shall I then say?
Upon what saint shall I call,
When scarce the just shall be free from dread?

Page 183. *Walpurgis-Night.*—Saint Walpurga, whose undeserved fate it was to give her name to the orgy of witches and devils on the Brocken, was an English nun who died (in 779) as abbess of a Benedictine convent in Bavaria. The day dedicated to her in the Christian Calendar, the first of May, with its promise of returning summer, was already associated with various heathen celebrations, from which, under the hostile influence of Christianity, the tradition of an annual Witches' Sabbath on that day took form. The Brocken or Blocksberg, the highest point of the Harz Mountains, was regarded as the seat of such a gathering at least as far back as the fifteenth century. The leading characteristic of the gathering was the grossest sensuality, which Goethe has certainly not painted with too great reticence.

As in the Witch's Kitchen, Goethe has often given an allegorical turn to the fantastic scenes of the Witches' Revel, or made it a vehicle of satire upon contemporary men and movements. Thus it is very probable that the climbing of the Brocken is an allegory of the "struggle for life," the effort to get one's head above water at the cost of one's neighbours. It is a picture of the tumult of worldly aims, a kind of Vanity Fair.

Page 183. *Schierke and Elend.*—These are two villages on the south slope of the Brocken.

Page 185. *Faust, Mephistopheles and Will-o'-the-wisp in alternate song.*—Düntzer assigns verses 1 and 4 to Mephistopheles, verse 2 to Will-o'-the-wisp, verses 3 and 5 to Faust.

Page 186.

In the mount how Mammon glows.

Mammon is put for the gold, which is seen unequally distributed throughout the mountain, grown transparent.

Page 188.

Old Baubo comes.

Baubo was the nurse of the goddess Demeter, and sought to beguile by her unseemly antics the goddess' sorrow at the loss of her daughter Persephone. Goethe adopts her as emblem of the obscenity which was supposed to characterize the Witches' Sabbaths.

Page 189.

To Hell with a wanion!
Why so hot-foot, thou ronyon?

One witch rides heedlessly through the crowd in her frantic haste to be first. Another hurls this curse after her, and yet another complains that the furious rider has grazed her in passing—possibly with the prongs of the fork she was riding.

Page 189.

We wash and are white as white can be,
Yet barren, ever barren are we.

This couplet seems to be aimed at critics, who themselves never produce anything.

Page 190.

Three hundred years I've clambered zealous,
And yet I cannot reach the top.
Fain would I be beside my fellows!

One commentator says this witch stands for "science that is held back by the restraint of the schools." Another says she stands for "the Protestant hierarchy, that strives after an equality with the Catholic."

Page 194. *Mephistopheles, suddenly appearing very old.*—Mephistopheles' change of appearance, as well as his speech, is in mockery of these discarded notabilities.

Page 195.

'Tis Lilith.

The legend of Lilith arose from the discrepancy in the two accounts of the creation of woman in Gen. i. 27 and Gen. ii. 18 respectively. Rabbinical tradition reconciled the contradiction by giving Adam two wives, the first Lilith, created at the same time as himself, the second Eve, created from himself when Lilith had rebelled against him, and, deserting him, had become a devil. The name Lilith occurs in the picture of desolation in Isaiah xxxiv. 14, being the Hebrew word which in the English Authorized Version is rendered by screech-owl. Rossetti has a sonnet on the legend which makes her ensnare youths with her golden hair, one thread of which is found after death twined about their hearts.

Page 197. *Proktophantasmist.*—In the Proktophantasmist Goethe satirizes a bookseller of Berlin, Friedrich Nicolai, an apostle of enlightenment, a declared enemy of the supernatural in any form, and a would-be literary dictator. Goethe was nettled by the presumptuous arrogance with which Nicolai enthroned himself as arbiter of German literature, and an amusing incident delivered the prey into his hands. By a strange irony of fate Nicolai was attacked with hallucinations, and saw phantoms of the living and the dead in broad daylight. It seemed as if the ghosts had taken up the gauntlet he had flung down at their feet. But the bold bookseller put the spooks to rout by applying leeches to that part of his person which convention is agreed to regard as peculiarly ridiculous, and his lack of humour was such that, not content with his victory, he must needs gazette it at full length in a Berlin magazine! Accordingly Goethe pilloried him in the Walpurgis-Night as Proktophantasmist (a Greek compound = buttock-visionary), engaged in a vain effort to "shoo" the ghosts away.

Page 197.

As he goes round and round in his old mill.

Nicolai's *Universal German Library* is meant, for forty years the organ of his literary criticism.

Page 197.

We're mighty wise, but Tegel still is haunted.

Tegel was a country-house near Berlin, which leapt into fame in 1797 as a haunted house. Nicolai had alluded to it sceptically in his paper on phantoms.

Page 198.

I tell you spirits to your face,
Of spirit-tyranny I'll have no trace.
My spirit cannot exercise it.

The poet here puns upon the various meanings of the German word *Geist*. In the first line it means *ghosts*, in the second it means the *intellect*, and *spirit-tyranny* accordingly has the secondary meaning of *intellectual despotism*, in the third line it means *mind*. Nicolai's mind cannot establish the intellectual despotism it aims at, and so will tolerate no *tyranny of spirits*.

Page 198.

From phantoms and from fancy he's released.

The poet puns again on the same word—lit. He's cured of ghosts and of wit.

Page 200. *The Prater.*—The Prater is a well-known park in Vienna.

Page 200. *Servibilis.*—The word seems to be of Goethe's own coinage, used of the stage-manager or scene-shifter.

Page 201. *Walpurgis-Night's Dream.*—The title, and in some sense the subject, is suggested by Shakspere's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but the reader must not expect to find the resemblance extend any further. If he is reading Faust for any purpose but that of the most conscientious study, he may be safely advised to skip it—and probably will do so even without the advice. The *intermezzo* is no integral part of the Faust drama, but a merely ephemeral production that owes its preservation, so far at least as the general public is concerned, entirely to the precious medium in

which it is embedded. It is like a fly in amber, and interests us only because we wonder "how the devil it got there." The way in which it did get there was as follows. It consists of a string of epigrams (one might perhaps more fitly have styled it a "wasp in amber") which were originally written for a magazine edited by Schiller, the *Almanack of the Muses*. They were intended to appear in continuation of a series written jointly by the two friends, and aimed at the false tendencies of the time, especially in art and literature. These epigrams, to which the Greek name of "Xenia" or gifts of hospitality had been given, are themselves introduced in the *intermezzo* as a swarm of stinging insects. Schiller, however, anxious not to rekindle the strife, withheld the later series with Goethe's approval. The latter afterwards increased the number, and, regrettably enough, incorporated them with, or rather interpolated them into the Faust. Their meaning is often not clear; a brief explanation will be found when it is needed.

Page 201. *Mieding.*—Mieding was stage-manager of the theatre at Weimar.

Page 202. *Spirit in process of formation.*—Apparently aimed at clumsy poetry, in which the most incompatible elements are brought together (cf. the opening passage of Horace's *Ars Poetica*).

Page 202. *A little couple.*—Mawkishly sentimental, meaningless songs, in which writer and composer alike fail to rise, except by an occasional leap, above the level of the earth.

Page 203. *Inquisitive Traveller.*—This is Nicolai again, with allusion to his *Description of a Journey through Germany and Switzerland*, in twelve volumes.

Page 203. *Orthodox.*—Fr. von Stolberg, who had attacked Schiller's *Gods of Greece*, maintaining with the Fathers of the Church that these were only devils in disguise.

Page 204. *Weathercock.*—Supposed to represent the brothers Stolberg, who from the undue licence of their youth became *unco guid* in their old age.

Page 204. *Xenia.*—See note to page 201, *Walpurgis-Night's Dream*.

Page 204. *Hennings.*—The editor of the *Genius of the Times*, who had attacked the Xenia in his magazine. In 1798 and 1799 he issued a poetical supplement to his magazine entitled *Musagetes*, the *leader of the Muses*. The *Genius of the Times* became extinct in 1803, hence the prefix *ci-devant* in the last epigram but one.

Page 205. *Inquisitive Traveller.*—Nicolai scented Jesuitry all over, and amongst others accused of it Lavater, the *crane* of the following epigram.

Page 205. *Child of the World.*—So Goethe styles himself in an occasional poem.

Page 205. *Dancers, Ballet-master and Fiddler.*—These all speak of the new band, the representatives of various philosophical schools. The philosophers follow the bag-pipes as the brutes followed the lyre of Orpheus, doubtless with a sly allusion to "wind-bags."

Page 206. *Idealist.*—The Idealists hold with Fichte that the whole visible world is a creation of the *ego*, an *idea*.

Page 206.

SCEPTIC.

They think them near the treasure, when
They track the flamelet flitting.

The sceptic sarcastically applies to the super-naturalist, who concludes from too slender evidence to the existence of spirits, the superstition concerning hidden treasure (see note to page 175).

Page 207. *Skilful Trimmers, et seq.*—The remaining epigrams deal with political and social matters. The Skilful Trimmers are those who, when the world is turned topsy-turvy (by the Revolution), themselves turn with it to maintain their places. They are the "Vicars of Bray." The helpless ones are those that lack the wit to do this. The Will-o'-the-wisps are the *parvenus*, the Shooting-stars the fallen great ones. The Heavy-weights are the advocates of violent measures, the "root-and-branch" politicians.

Page 208.

And all is dissipated.

The magic pageant melts into thin air with the first ray of dawn, as ghosts flee to their limbo at cock-crow.

Page 211.

Lead her forth with the hand of man.

The conception clearly is that the devil is restrained by a higher hand from inflicting direct harm upon man or interfering with the course of human justice, and this is carried out consistently. He can only act upon man by temptation, and thus make one man the instrument by which he executes his designs upon another. Thus over Margaret, innocent, he has no power—he must lead her astray through the agency of Faust. It is not his sword that pierces Valentine, but the sword of Faust, at his prompting. Even the topers who are singed with purgatorial fire give themselves into his hands by their drunkenness. And so, though he can smooth Faust's way to the dungeon, Faust himself must be the actual agent by whom Margaret is set free.

Page 211. *The Raven-stone.*—The round platform of masonry on which the execution takes place. The grim suggestiveness of the title needs no elucidation.

Page 212.

My mother, the wanton,
She did me to death.

Gretchen's song is from a Low German legend that will be familiar to all readers of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. It haunts her distracted sense because she, like the cruel stepmother, had slain her child.

Page 220.

The wand is snapped.

After reading the sentence of death, the judge snaps a white wand in twain, an emblem of the death of the criminal.

Page 222. *Hither to me!*—For the ultimate fate of Faust see note to page 78.

THE END

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